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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 2, 1935

Establishing the Adowa—Adigrat Line

Members of the Tank Corps Resting During an Advance Across Hill Country

General de Bono, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces in Eritrea, has wisely pursued the policy of hastening slowly, preferring to build good roads and create efficient communications along every mile of conquered territory rather than press on to spectacular victories which might sooner or later place his troops in a false position. This picture was taken towards the close of the methodical advance across the Eritrean front to establish the now famous Adowa–Adigrat line, and in this operation it was the light tanks that played the most conspicuous part, relentlessly leading the way over the most difficult terrain, and, when attacked, driving the enemy back with heavy machine-gun fire. After a long lull in the fighting it was reported on Monday of this week (the thirteenth anniversary of the Fascist régime) that the Italians were again on the move, and that again the tanks formed the vanguard

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A PRECIOUS BUNDLE: The infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent arriving back at Belgrave Square after his first outing. He was taken by his nurse to Buckingham Palace and carried round the grounds for about half an hour. *Inset on left*—A close-up of his tiny Royal Highness

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 30, 1935.

SIR SAMUEL CLEARS THE AIR.

— The winding-up debate of the late Parliament was one more historic affair and will be linked with the name of Sir Samuel Hoare who has been lucky in his occasions, partly because he could leave no useful criticism for his opposition. He certainly cleared the air of lies and rumours. British policy in Europe has been traduced and misrepresented for centuries at critical times. The late misrepresentations climbed to record heights. Nevertheless a certain fog covered our Government's recent negotiations over the Abyssinian business, and even men of goodwill were lost in it. Now we know with satisfaction but with surprise that (*a*) never once at Geneva was the question of military sanctions even discussed. Why? Because from the first it was clear that the essential precondition of unanimity was absent. And with satisfaction that (*b*) no thought of Imperial interests ever entered our minds; (*c*) that the question of the closing of the Suez Canal against Italy stood or fell by military sanctions and accordingly fell down; (*d*) that economic pressure will be vigorously applied—unless Italy regains her sanity in the breathing space afforded her—and will indeed shorten the war which, if earlier applied, it could not have prevented and might indeed have enlarged in scope. For the rest, he made clear that Britain has all along (and none but her enemies at home and abroad doubted it) worked unselfishly and single-mindedly for the survival of the League and for negotiation through the League and for unanimity in the League; that the cry of "too late" applied to the decision to impose economic sanctions is but a political criticism of destruction on the tongues of facile politicians out of power; that right up to August peace by negotiation was possible and hopeful; and finally that, still in conformity with League procedure, Britain would keep close and direct touch with Italy in the endeavour to restore the lost goodwill between the two countries, and to find a formula for peace, and that we in this country may view without alarm the similar efforts made by France and the answers of France to our recent questionnaires. It is unfortunate that so soon after these great pronouncements there is evidence that even these limited sanctions may fizzle out like a damp squib. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden in the great winding-up debate merely dotted the "i's" of Sir Samuel's statement. And so ministers and members dismiss to action stations for the General Election with certain unpleasant lies nailed down.

WAR-SCARE MONGERS.

—British Ministers killed the war rumours effectively in the House last week. It remains to ask: Who are the people who invent and propagate them? In the last weeks in military circles scare rumours of impending war have been rife, insistent, and made convincing by documentation with chapter and verse. These war rumours of September–October, 1935 can be set beside the famous "Russian-Army-through-England" canard of the autumn of 1914. The Stock Exchange? It is a gossipy, panicky place and has plenty of time and opportunity for inventing and retailing scares as well as smoking-room stories. But I fancy the Stock Exchange is not in this case the chief offender. I am quite certain the war scares had their origin in military circles, in service clubs and messes, and all places where active and retired military men forgather. Mostly among the retired. They have the leisure and the interest. They hear from their active brethren details of movements of troops and construe those movements into preparations for war. The lie grows in the retailing and increases in authority and gravity to satisfy the craving for excitement of idle men whose life's interest still lies in battles long ago and to come. It is they who are the prime offenders and the foster-parents of these war scares, and they ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves.

THE BRITISH NAVY AS PEACE DOVE.

—Perhaps only Mussolini will crave leave to question Mr. Churchill's convincing argument that but for the silent power of the British Navy the rehabilitation of the League as the prime instrument of world peace had never come about. Mr. Churchill, in a dominating speech at the end of that great wind-up debate, was as sure of the League's rehabilitation as he was convinced of the necessity for a British Navy strong to safety-point. He put his finger on the prime cause of Italy's defiance of international obligations—it was the re-arming of Germany. That fact was a menace to the peace of Europe in the near future and the prime cause of present trouble. Never, he said, would Mussolini have dared what he dared if France had not been preoccupied with anxiety over the menace of German armament expansion. He wanted to see a contented Germany. He saw no grounds for special anxiety on our part from Germany's military aims. But above all he wanted to be assured that Britain held her ratio in the naval armaments of the sea powers. Mr. Churchill said nothing that the Government does not endorse. Our new move for naval limitation is part and parcel of our resolve to regain our safety margin in naval armament. If limitation succeeds, the cheaper and quicker we can attain that necessary stage. It is a hopeful hour. Tension between Italy and ourselves is a little relaxed since the foreign affairs debate, but any invitation to come to our party extended to Italy or Germany carries no certainty of cordial acceptance. If the naval talks are to continue unchecked, if new limitation conventions are to succeed to those shortly expiring, our "party" must be held in 1935. We have done our best to make it a date and to make that date a success. Succeed or fail, we must reach our ratio, cost what it may. We pray for a scaling down. Within the latest agreed limits we accept the necessity for a scaling-up.

LORD SYSONBY.

—The death of Fritz Ponsonby, so recently created Lord Sysonby, on the same day as Mr. Henderson's, was deeply felt by the King. The King dislikes changes in the men round him, and Lord Sysonby was more than an old and trusted friend and servant, he was an hereditary personal servant of the King. Greys and Ponsonbys have played a notable part at Court since the first years of Queen Victoria. Lord Sysonby descended from both families. His father, Sir Henry, was unquestionably the Queen's favourite and most successful secretary, and John, Fritz, and Arthur, his three sons, were brought up in the atmosphere of the Court. They became Major-General Sir John, who commanded the Guards' Division during the war; Lord Sysonby; and Lord Ponsonby, the recently resigned leader of the Labour Party in the Lords. Lord Sysonby was himself a soldier and a guardsman. Queen Victoria took him into her service first in '94, but he obtained temporary release to see service in the South African War. Almost all his Court career he was connected with the office of Privy Purse. Like both his brothers, he was versatile and literary. Arthur is the author of many delightful books, including a brilliant little life of Queen Victoria, and a fine life of *Evelyn*; he is also a recognised authority on diary literature. John wrote a family history of the Ponsonbys. Fritz wrote an admirable history of the Grenadiers in the war. Later he published a more contentious and quite important book, the Empress Frederick's outspoken letters, smuggled out of Germany by himself. He married Miss Kennard, who owns that loveliest of moated manor-houses, Great Tangley, near Guildford. A surviving son succeeds him, a soldier and godson of King Edward. His only daughter is Duchess of Westminster.

ULSTER MOURNS HER REVERED LEADER: The cortege passing through the thronged streets of Belfast at the funeral of Lord Carson on Saturday, October 26. Half-a-million people from all parts of Northern Ireland and many from the Irish Free State assembled to join in this last tribute as his coffin was taken from the destroyer, *Broke*, which brought it from England, and conveyed to St. Anne's Cathedral. Lady Carson, who was accompanied by her sons, bravely insisted on joining the procession

HUNTING PROSPECTS.—There may be wars, there may be general elections, there may be strikes and unemployment. But the seasons come punctually round and bring their joys and occupation to the privileged folk and those whom they employ. (And even those who are outside the ring of privilege may find in a mild and sunny autumn joys which transcend those which money can buy—*sua si bona norint.*) The hunting season is upon us, and Fortune smiles on it with the great gift of an early harvest and of a November less than usually "blind." Cub-hunting began early and good progress has been made. The Shires and the Provinces are all set with many changes of leadership. Among these changes, Captain Hignett and Lady Zia Wernher (vice her husband) control the Fernie. Lord Bearsted's son and Mr. Lakin (both very young), have taken over the Warwickshire from Lord Willoughby and Mr. Dunne, with young Gillson as Huntsman. The Grafton has Mr. G. Beale to share duty with Lord Hillingdon. The Duke of Beaufort has enlisted the support of Captain Spicer. The Bicester still hunt "under committee management." Lords Bathurst and Knutsford take charge of V.W.H. The famous Mr. F. W. Rickett shares the Craven with Major Royds, and the Tedworth takes a "Mistress" in Lady Wright (vice Lord Melchett). The Oakley have lost a nonpareil in Captain Arkwright and replace him with two ladies (the Misses Farrer), and Lord Melchett (from the Tedworth). Mrs. Crossman and two men share the Cambridgeshire vice Mr. Douglas Crossman, who had been a permanency for a full generation. In my own "unfashionable" country the Cowdray Hounds lose the Pearsons' beneficent leadership. The late Lord Cowdray's death was a bitter blow, and his brother Clive is too busy to carry on. Colonel Sutton has come from South Dorset to fill the breach. So much for a start. What is chiefly remarkable in the many changes of Mastership is the enormous advance in the "regiment of women" in the hunting field. This indeed is a point not beneath the notice of serious social historians.

THE LIFE OF A HORSE.—At a time when the horse is threatened with extinction, a recent survey of this nearly extinct quadruped's length of days caught my eye. The secretary of the National Horse Association, Mr. R. A. Brown, had been dipping into the records. His discoveries astonished me. Old Billy of Warrington is the Old Parr of the equine world. He reached the authenticated age of sixty-two and died a pensioner of Sir Lionel Earle's grandfather. The Australian Paramatta died in 1874 aged fifty-three, and there are several proved Methuselahs between fifty-two and forty-eight. Miss M. Gibbs, who lives near Belvoir, has a Shetland pony, Dot, still alive and kicking, aged forty-eight. In my ignorance I had thought thirty was the limit. Do dogs ever live beyond twenty? Does any creature live longer than a parrot, carp, pike, or a tortoise? I have heard of "authentic" centenarians among carp and even salmon. In the Galapagos islands there are 200-year-old tortoises. The Duchess of Bedford records a Chinese goose aged fifty-seven. Swans also live up to sixty years. It is said that certain whales live for 200 years. Longevity is a subject of perennial interest. I shall hope to hear more of it from readers.

THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGES HIS SPOT.—Fleet Street has seen in its time many famous sights and notable changes. Last Thursday's ceremony at St. Dunstan's Church deserves a record. St. Dunstan's Church is "modern," but its open lantern is admirable. It stands on the site of a fifteenth-century church which escaped the Great Fire by a matter of feet. The older building jutted into the road, and its tower was adorned by a famous landmark—the clock and giants set up soon after the fire by Thomas Harrys. These giants or "Ethiopians" struck the quarters with poleaxes, and the Fleet Street crowd was never tired of watching them at work. In 1829 the old church was demolished. Down came the clock. Charles Lamb burst into tears. Lord Hertford wrote out a cheque and bought Harrys' great toy, which was set up in the villa in Regent's Park which took the name of St. Dunstan's. There (shorn only of the supporting figure of Father Time) the clock remained at work—or at rest—until yesterday. To-day it is back in Fleet Street with its memories of Charles and James II, of Pepys and Dr. Johnson, and all old Fleet Street worthies. It and the statues of Lud and Elizabeth owe their salvation and restoration to many other keen lovers of old tradition—to Sir Francis Gosling of old, and in our day in part to the energies of my old friend, Mr. W. S. Barclay, formerly of Clifford's Inn. It is glorious to have this old favourite back in its fit place in the street of adventure and ink and shows and sensations—in old Grub Street.

A FAMOUS EQUITY LAWYER.—Lord Wrenbury, who died last week, was better known as Lord Justice Buckley. He was "a straggler of '45," and a link with the "hungry 'forties" and many generations of famous lawyers. To students at the Bar in my youth he was known (and perhaps not always loved or understood) on account of his great book on Company Law (which it is hard to study and comprehend when the scent of mown grass drifts in in the dog-days from Temple Garden through the windows of the Inner Temple Library). A great law book makes or mars a barrister. For ever after he must in his practice specialise in that subject. Buckley's book made him — famous and rich. He become the acknowledged master of company law practice, and latterly the first authority on Chancery jurisprudence generally. He took silk in '86, and less than four years later, after sweeping the board of company practice, he was appointed a judge in Chancery. As advocate and judge he was characterised by his lucid and logical power of expression. Coldly and with infinite clarity he explained the most intricate subtleties of the law, and chose exactly the right words and the minimum of words. As a lawyer indeed he was beyond criticism, and, as far as I am aware, his judgments were hardly ever upset. In appearance, and perhaps in human intercourse, he was the very moral of the precise and dry-as-dust lawyer of fiction, but he was not without geniality in private life.

WIMBLEDON'S WISDOM.—I was born at Wimbledon—in an old house on the Common and I have always jealously regarded the amenities of London's most enchanting and most easily accessible green space. Therefore I read with thanksgiving that its Borough Council had rejected a scheme for erecting one more huge block of flats behind the Clock House in Windmill Road. These vast blocks of flats are creeping out from Putney and threatening that superb heritage of Londoners. The old Georgian houses where the Ministers of Reform Bill days had their places of retreat have one by one yielded to the pick of the house-breaker, and bricks have covered their green lawns. The new flats are fine and tasteful examples of modern building but every indication exists that flats-development has gone too fast and too far, and that a slump in London and suburban flats is threatened. For more to be built outwards from Putney Heath to-day there is no warrant at all. I am thankful for the W.B.C.'s decision. It was my own grandmother who saved generations ago one of Wimbledon's cherished landmarks. She heard that the old windmill was to be demolished. She lived for sixty years on the West Side of Wimbledon Common. She ordered her carriage and drove up to London and bearded the Minister responsible, Lord Spencer. She returned to Wimbledon, having secured the reprieve of the old windmill. Wimbledon should record this little detail of its history. It is, I believe, based authoritatively on fact, and should appeal to a sensible and cultured Borough Council.

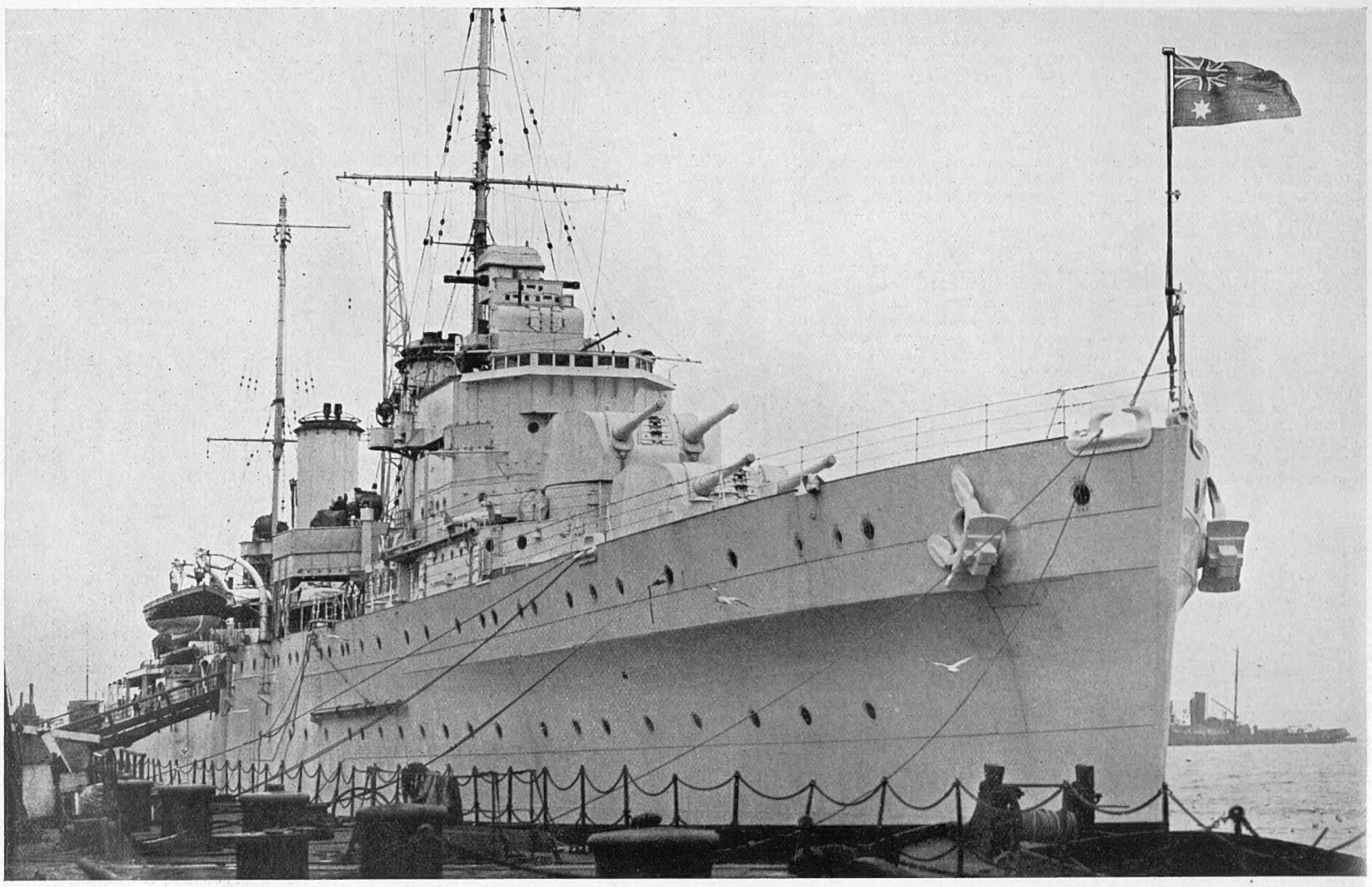
MORE "NEWS FROM THE PAST."—Miss ffrench's book of old press-cuttings served me as an admirable holiday companion. A while back I extracted her cutting on the traffic-light signals in Parliament Square in 1861. I still have recourse to her *News from the Past* from time to time. She corrects our vainglorious belief that our own generation is responsible for every bright idea and every device to conquer time and space. Here is a Paris air-mail scheme of 1816. "Mr. Egg (a German) of the Strand has nearly completed a balloon, in the shape of a dolphin, for the avowed purpose of carrying the nobility and gentry to Paris . . . It is to be made capable of conveying from 15 to 20 persons to Paris in . . . 10 hours or less; it is worked by steam and the wings are intended to act as rudders." In 1816 the sea and land journey to Paris via Dover took seventy-three hours. Mr. Egg's dolphin would save sixty-three hours and all the inconveniences of transfers, customs, bad inns, and dusty roads. I wonder if Mr. Egg ever hatched out his dolphin-chick.

THE OLD STAGER

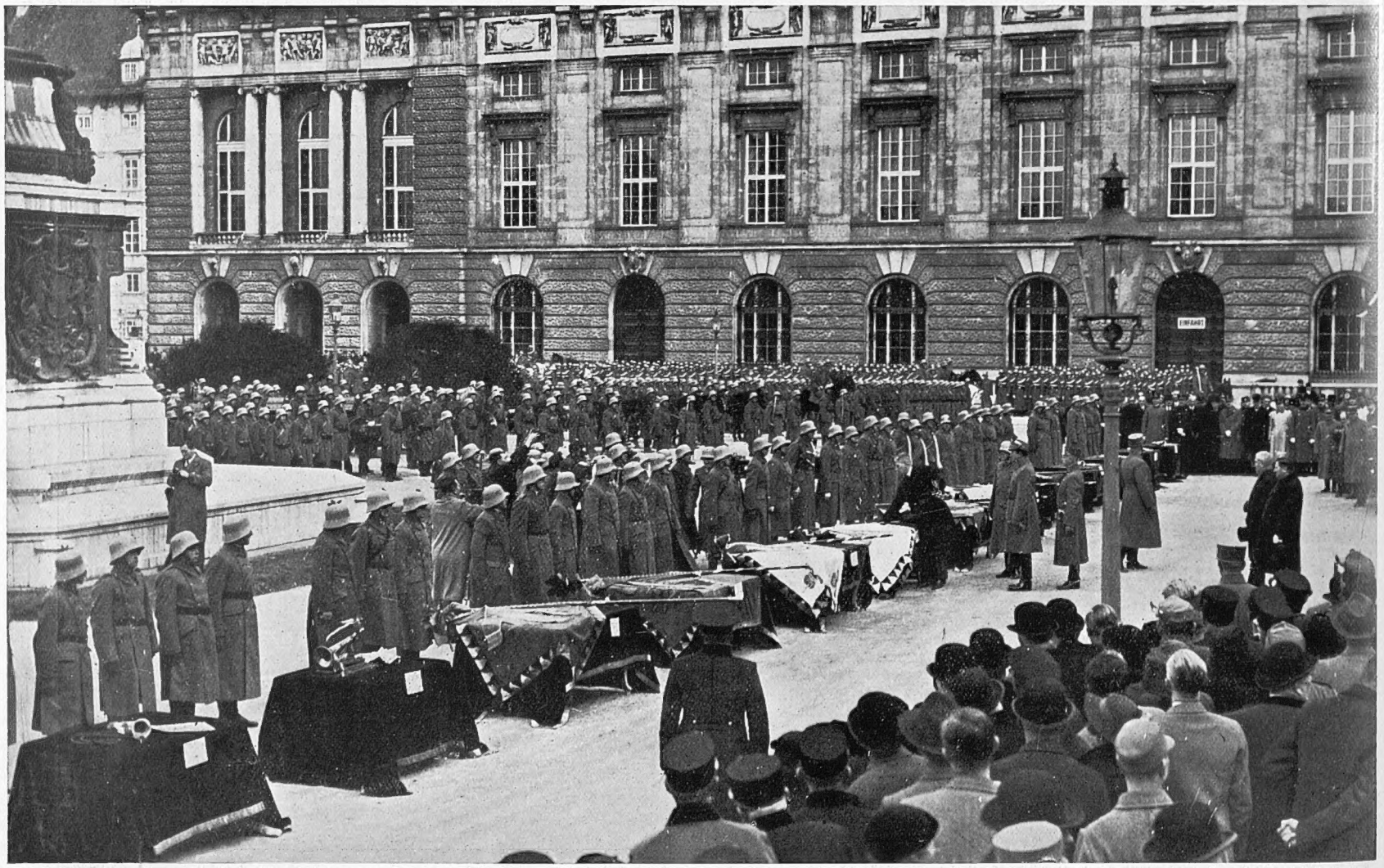
A FEMINIST SPEAKS HER MIND: Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, a daughter of Emmeline Pankhurst and a former leader of the suffragette movement, addressing the meeting organised in Hyde Park last Sunday by the British Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi Council

A STORMY PETREL OF YESTERDAY ONCE AGAIN IN THE NEWS: Mrs. Charlotte Despard, who is now ninety-one years old, pictured in Hyde Park after she had addressed last Sunday's anti-Nazi meeting. This veteran social reformer is a sister of the late Earl of Ypres and, it may be remembered, was for many years a leader in the agitation for women's suffrage. On several occasions she was imprisoned for her activities

A Cruiser for Australia's Navy | Flags for Austria's New Army



BOUND FOR THE ANTIPODES: H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, the Australian Navy's new 7,000-ton cruiser of the Leander class, which has been commissioned by an Australian crew that recently arrived in England for the purpose, and started out this week on her voyage to the Commonwealth. The former ship of the same name, it will be remembered, engaged the German raider *Emden* in November 1914, driving her ashore at North Keeling Island in the Cocos group and destroying her completely



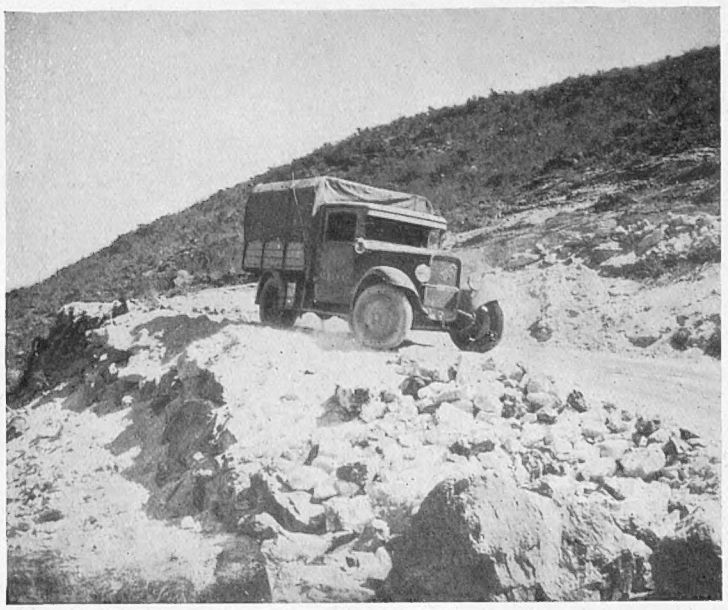
A REVIVED MILITARY CEREMONIAL IN VIENNA: Dr. Schuschnigg, the Chancellor, carrying out the ancient custom of striking the flags with a hammer when he attended the parade on the Heldenplatz at which the new Austrian Army took into its keeping the colours of the old Imperial regiments, most of which had been in museums since 1918. The ceremony was one of more than ordinary significance as, following the great war, the Republican forces deliberately dissociated themselves from the centuries-old tradition of the Imperial forces and it is only now, after a lapse of about seventeen years, that that decision has been revoked. Among those present at the function were President Miklas, Prince Starhemberg, and the Archduke Eugene, the representative of the house of Habsburg

INTENSE ROAD-BUILDING ACTIVITY FOLLOWS ITALY'S FIRST ADVANCE

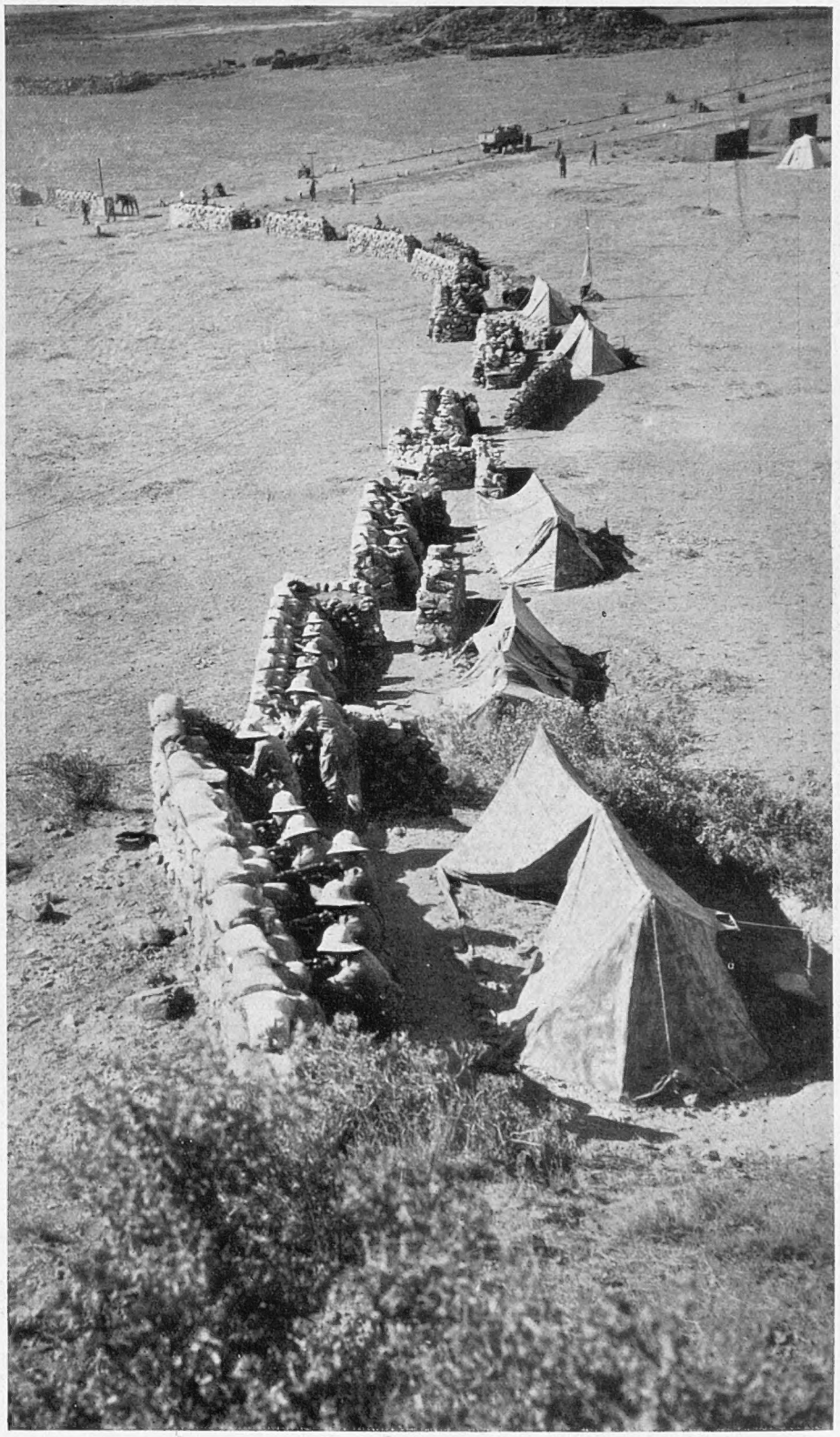
How General de Bono is Establishing and Defending his Lines of Communication

SANDBAG DEFENCES ON THE ADIGRAT-ADOWA LINE: Italian troops stand ready with their rifles pointed through the loopholes, while their commanding officer surveys the surrounding countryside in anticipation of an attack by a party of Ras Seyoum's warriors

THE ROCKY ROAD TO ADOWA: Men engaged in widening the track by building a retaining wall and filling in the space between. The herculean task of making it possible for motor traffic to bring supplies to the front lines is the principal reason for the slowness of the advance



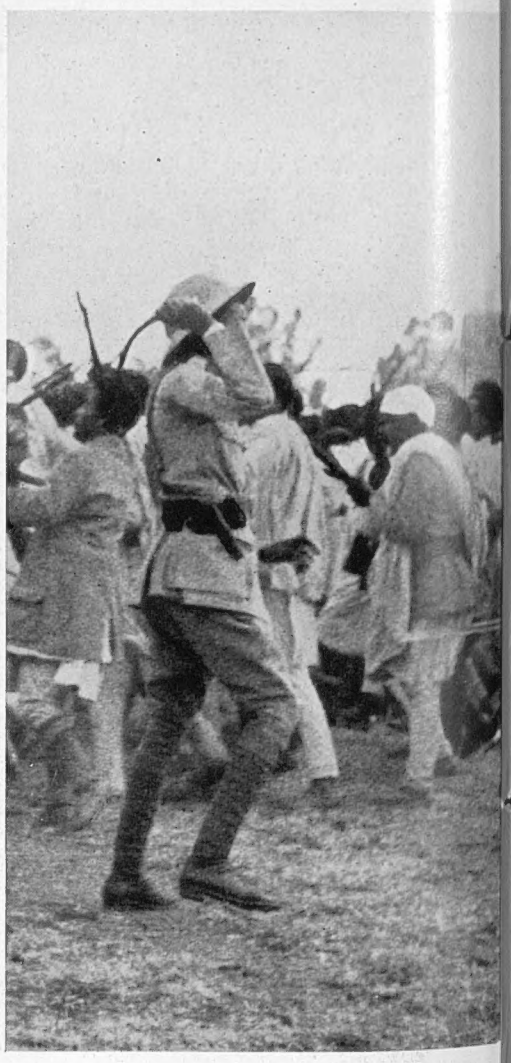
HAZARDOUS JOURNEY: A lorry, laden with food for the troops, passing along one of the new roads which have been hastily built in the conquered province of Tigré. Many drivers are said to have met with accidents on account of the precipitous nature of these highways



PROTECTING THE ROUTE TO ADIGRAT: Owing to the lengthening of the lines of communication there is always danger of a flank attack by the Abyssinians, so General de Bono has established guards along all the new highways between Asmara and the front. Here the men have built ramparts of sandbags, behind which they have erected their tents

A RIOT OF PATRIOTISM: White-robed warriors from the hill provinces attempting to defy the Imperial Bodyguard and enter the Emperor's presence in order to demonstrate their allegiance. They belonged to a draft of about 75,000 men who arrived in Addis Ababa on October 16, and, during their stay, were issued with new equipment and finally reviewed by Haile Selassie before being despatched to the northern front. Most of them showed themselves to be absolutely ignorant of the outside world, and a large proportion had never before seen a white man

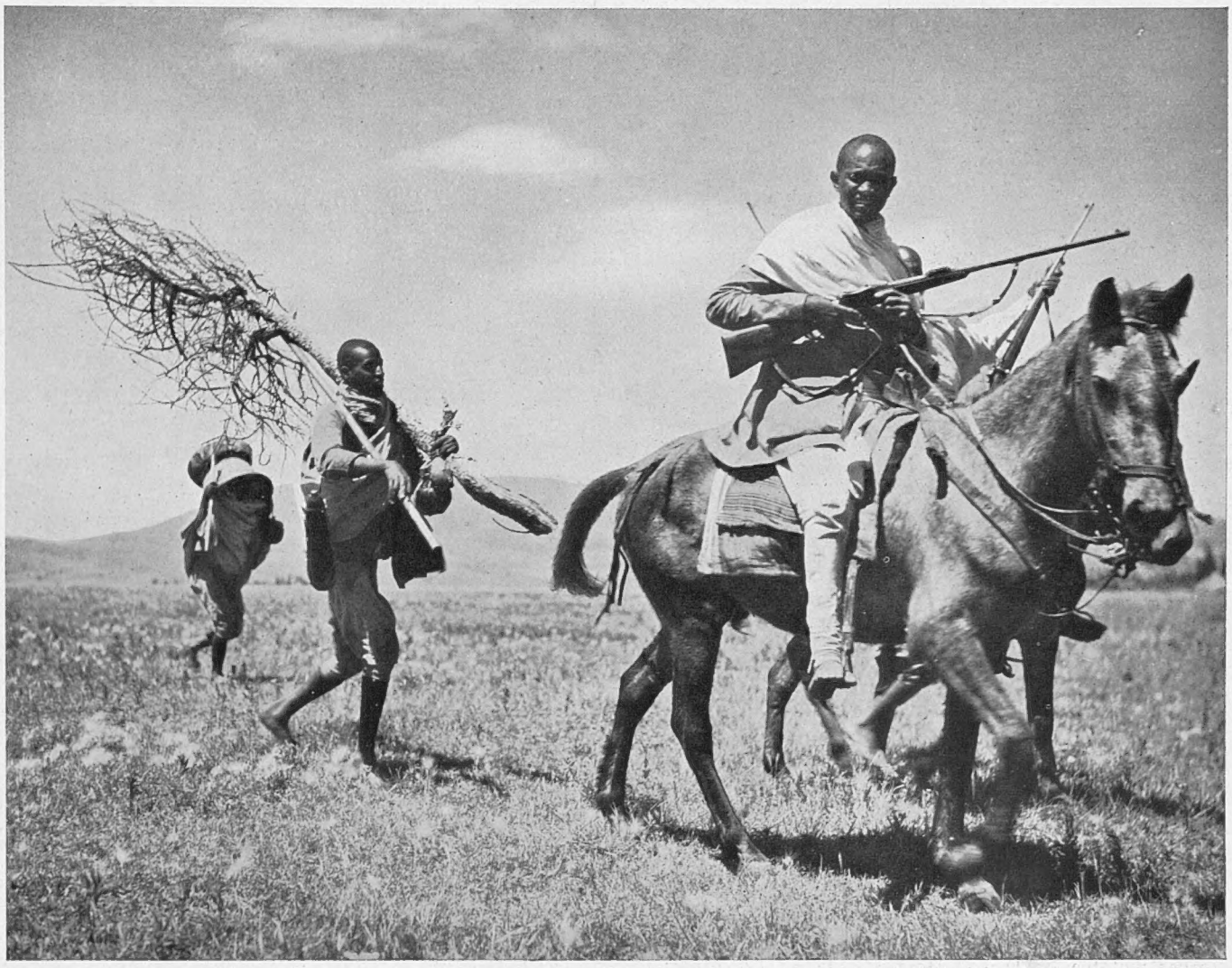
MAKING OBEISANCE TO THE EMPEROR: One of the leaders of the draft of 75,000 tribesmen vowing allegiance following a review held on the Addis Ababa parade ground. It appears that all the troops wished to be given the same privilege and, as the pictures on these pages show, they came into sharp conflict with the Imperial Bodyguard



THE ONLY WAY: A military policeman using a rhinoceros hide whip when assisting in beating back the enthusiastic warriors. Several people were slightly injured in the encounter

TUMULT IN ADDIS ABABA

The Imperial Bodyguard Check the Exuberance of Raw Recruits from the Hills



FUEL FOR THE LONG TREK NORTHWARDS: On account of the coldness of the Abyssinian nights the absence of firewood on some sections of the route creates quite a problem for the troops during their journey from Addis Ababa to the Tigré front, and it is no uncommon sight to see a camp follower carrying, as he strides behind his master, a young sapling uprooted at an earlier stage of the march

PROTECTING HAILE SELASSIE FROM THE OVER-ENTHUSIASM OF HIS TROOPS: Another impression of the clash between the provincial warriors and the Imperial Bodyguard. These men are among the most loyal of His Majesty's warriors but, owing to their complete ignorance of city life, they proved somewhat difficult to handle during their stay in the capital. They were apparently under the impression that all whites were Italians and attempted to act accordingly, while their mules and horses, unaccustomed to motor traffic and terrified by the hooting of Addis Ababa's taxicabs, stampeded in all directions

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION ANNOUNCING THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT: The City Serjeant-at-Arms, clad in wig and gown, reading the notice on the steps of the Royal Exchange last Saturday. The beadle, in his cocked hat and blue cloak, added a further picturesque touch to the ceremony

Four Years of NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

A Survey of Its Achievements

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

THE 615 members of the first National Parliament have dispersed. The three parties now gird their loins. One feels a little sorry for the opponents of the National Government. It has been so successful during its four years of life, its achievements amid extraordinary and complex difficulties have been so remarkable, its programme now is so strong, its prestige so high, that it will almost certainly be a case of: "The National Government is dead. Long live the National Government!"

But one thing is certain: the next Parliament will differ decidedly from the last one. The pendulum swings, new issues arise, and another Parliament with an opposition of only 59 (the 33 Samuel Liberals, while not bound to support the Government, as were the 35 Simon Liberals, were not in opposition) is unlikely to be seen again. Perhaps it is as well, for, as Disraeli observed: ". . . it is only by maintaining the independence of party that you can maintain the integrity of public men and the power and influence of Parliament itself."

Other powerful governments have been established through Coalitions. Mr. Lloyd George, and before him Mr. Asquith (and, if one cares to go back to the eighteenth century, Lord Rockingham) headed Coalition Governments in Cabinets composed of representatives of two co-operating parties. But the parliaments behind them can scarcely be compared to the one which a roused electorate of 30,000,000 sent to Westminster to rescue Britain from the morass into which Labour-Socialist rule had plunged it. More new members took over lockers than in any other parliament (except perhaps the one of 1906) in a century; 215 of the 615 members had never been elected before. The picture is all the more striking surveyed against the contrasting background of the 1929 parliamentary situation. Then, Conservatives put 590 candidates in the field and won only 260 seats; Liberals put in 513 and won 59; "Others" put in 32 and won 9; the Communists put in 25 and won none; and Labour, having put in 570, came back the strongest party with 287 seats. How the Labour-Socialist group threw away its chances, proved lacking as a group in cohesion, courage, and character, and, putting vested trade union interests before the broad interests of the nation, split—all that is old history.

Britain's influence, prestige, and power were at lowest ebb when the nation polled. The very core of Imperial Britain seemed to be crumbling. The May Report of August 1931 indicated that unless social services were drastically pruned the Budget would not balance, and Britain in a measurable period would be bankrupt. The India problem seemed insoluble. A fiscal revolution was obviously needed to get Britain out of its hole, and bring it into line with world economic realities, but it appeared that no government dared propose protection and food taxes (had not Baldwin been disastrously defeated on that very issue in 1929?) Unemployment had reached the record figure of 2,881,000 and was still rising. World confidence in Britain was ebbing fast, and the pace of that tide could be gauged by the swift outflow of gold—the rats were fleeing the sinking ship.

The Parliament returned by the country to deal with this crisis demonstrated once again the resources of the British democracy. It was the most remarkable manifestion of Britain's political genius. The Government was headed by the Fabian Socialist intellectual, Ramsay MacDonald, who in 1917 was a political outcast, only prevented by the Sailors' and Firemen's Union from attending the Socialist International Conference at Stockholm engineered by German Socialists to promote peace terms favourable to Germany. The Lord Chancellor was a Socialist lawyer, Lord Sankey. The Minister for Dominions was a trade union leader, Mr. J. H. Thomas. Liberals were in the Foreign Office, the Home Office, the Board of Education, and the Board of Trade. These high offices were handed to leaders of parties aggregating no more than 81 members. Mr. Baldwin contented himself with the office of Lord President of the Council.

The team changed during the Parliament's life; another symptom of the saving elasticity of British political theory and practice. The Parliament saw it through, enabling the ship of State to be navigated with immense technical skill and indestructible calm and courage through the worst storms of the world, imperial, and national crises. The Budget was balanced. The fiscal revolution was achieved. The India Act at last went through; the biggest Bill in bulk and scope a Parliament has ever handled. Although the pound sterling was unharnessed from gold, it was made the most stable of all the world's currencies in purchasing power; and although it was depreciated 33 per cent. in gold terms, the cost of living in the national area was held stable (in all other countries it has fluctuated violently during the last four years). All the confusion and experiments of the American short-cut-to recovery type were resisted (unemployment still totals 10,000,000 in that area). Recovery was promoted on a solid basis of restored confidence, and by 1935 jobs had been found for 1,000,000 more workers than were on pay rolls in 1931.

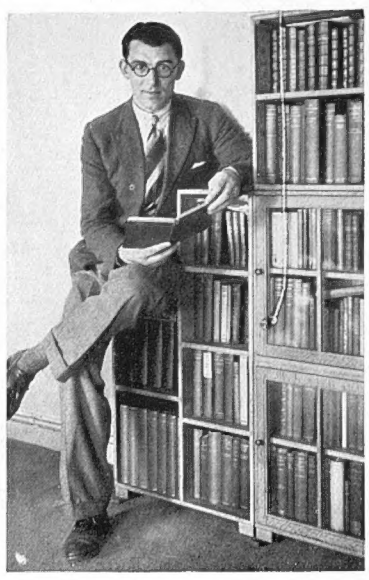
London was enabled to regain its former supremacy as the chief world financial centre and commodity market. The greatest conversion operation in history was put through, and British Funds rose 30 per cent. (Consols $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. from $55\frac{3}{4}$ to 84^1, and India $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. from 48 to $95\frac{1}{2}$), while the leading industrials doubled and trebled in value. Imports were reduced by £80,000,000, exports increased by nearly £20,000,000, and the visible adverse trade balance improved by £93,500,000, from £281,000,000 to £187,000,000. At Ottawa the Empire was bound closer by new economic interest ties.

In short, within its field of power the Parliament and the Government it gave power to with a 556 majority (523 without the unbound Samuel Liberals) achieved the maximum. Beyond its field of power lay the rest of the world, largely confused or retarded by "new deal" or fascist politics, and it is significant that the bulk of the remaining 2,000,000 of unemployed are centred in heavy industry whose fortunes are affected not by national but by world trading conditions.

The next chapter is now being written. We witness an evolutionary process. The conditions which formerly provided the basis for parties and clear lines of demarcation have gone, swept away by war and world change. New divisions of view and interest require new alignments. These alignments are only now taking shape. The phenomena of the first National Parliament gave us a clue to the future. The by-elections of last year enlarged the clue to a trail: Liberal declines, Labour–Socialist gains (without, however, seat gains). The Cambridge by-election of 1934 is a good pointer. In a three-cornered fight the Liberal got only a fourth of the votes recorded by his party candidate in the 1929 election (no Liberal stood in 1931), and forfeited his deposit. On the other hand the Labour–Socialist increased his 1931 vote by 3,624, evidently gaining the bulk of the Liberal votes which in 1931 went to the National candidate.

More and more the country tends to divide between National and Socialist. In the end we may see the National party assuming the traditional role of the Republican party in the United States, with a new conglomerate party of eloquent, radical, experimental, confused-minded New Dealers disputing with them power in the State, while extremist wings of militant communist-socialists and die-hard imperialists fight independent battles, or tack on to one or the other party as the trend of the times, and the tactics of politics consequent thereon, dictate.

ATTACKING LABOUR STRONGHOLDS: Mr. A. C. Spearman, a London stockbroker, and his wife, who are both Conservative candidates in the forthcoming General Election. The former is standing for Mansfield and the latter for Poplar, two seats at present held by the Opposition



TO OPPOSE SIR JOHN SIMON: Mr. Ivor Thomas, who is on the staff of *The Times* and has been chosen to fight the Spen Valley Division in the Labour interest

SUCCEEDING THE LATE ARTHUR HENDERSON: Mr. Alfred Holland, a grocer's assistant, who has been selected as Labour candidate for the Clay Cross Division

Sea-lions Menace Canada's Salmon Fisheries

BASKING IN THE AUTUMN SUN: Sea-lions in British Columbia where they are now so numerous that they constitute a serious menace to the salmon fisheries. An effort is being made to reduce the numbers of these carnivora, and during the past few months the Government has ordered the coast to be patrolled

ON THE ROCKS

A group of young sea-lions caught by the camera on the British Columbian coast. This type of seal, which is seldom shy unless it has been molested by man, inhabits both shores of the Northern Pacific from California and Japan northwards, and the breeding grounds are mostly found on the islands of the Behring Sea

b

THE RENOVATION of the MUSÉE CERNUSCHI

How a Famous Paris Storehouse of Eastern Art has been Brought up to Date

CONTRASTING TREATMENTS: The main hall of the Cernuschi Museum of Eastern Art as it is now that it has been restored (*above*), and (*below*), as it was before, when the lighting was poor and the crowding together of *objets d'art* in heterogeneous array tended to confuse the visitor. The collection, along with the house containing it, was bequeathed to the City of Paris towards the end of the last century

Following the renovations recently carried out at the Guimet Museum, the Cernuschi Museum, another important Paris storehouse of Eastern Art, has now opened its doors to the public, after complete reinstallation. The work undertaken has been so successful that it may be considered an excellent example of the science of museology. It is interesting to note the remarkable improvements throughout by comparing the photographs of the former and present installation of the galleries. Indeed, so dim, dusty, and neglected was the heavy, unsuited Empire interior that many Parisians did not even know of the existence of this museum until it was officially reopened this month with M. Grousset as curator. M. Grousset was curator of the Guimet Museum for five years and was primarily responsible for the planning of the new museum. Indirect lighting in addition to improved day lighting, and light beige wood pedestals and show cases, in keeping with the colour of the walls, have now replaced the black wood furnishing and sombre walls of the old Cernuschi Museum. An interesting exhibition is now being held to celebrate the new museum. The beautiful ceramics and bronzes of the second Han dynasty, excavated during Professor Jansé's archæological expedition in Indo-China, are here being shown to the best advantage. And the Baron von der Heydt has lent a number of masterpieces from his famous collection, a considerable part of which will grace the great exhibition of Chinese Art to be held at Burlington House this month. It is much regretted that his two magnificent examples of Chinese sculpture, which have been placed in the lower gallery, cannot be moved to London for this exhibition. They are too fragile, and it is feared that they would suffer damage on the journey

Alexander Watt

On left—THE CHARIOT OF SŪRYA: A copy of the magnificent monument found in the temple of Khair Khanek in Afghanistan. *On right*—Another seventh-century Tien-Lung-Shan statue lent to the Cernuschi by Baron von der Heydt

A MASTERPIECE OF CHINESE SCULPTURE: A seventh-century Tien-Lung-Shan statue in the Lower Gallery of the Cernuschi Museum. It would have been sent to England for the forthcoming Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, but for the fact that it is so fragile that it was feared that it might suffer damage on the journey. It belongs to the collection of Baron von der Heydt and is only on temporary loan to the museum

Mainly Militant

ITALY'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN LIBYA: A recent study of Marshal Italo Balbo taken at a bookstall in Tripoli. His Excellency holds one of the most responsible posts in the Fascist Colonial Empire, and it is said that he now has 70,000 white troops under his command, a large proportion of whom are concentrated in the neighbourhood of the Egyptian frontier. Last week it was disclosed by M. Laval that Signor Mussolini might be prepared to recall one of these Blackshirt Divisions provided Britain withdrew ships from the Mediterranean

THE MARCH OF THE BLACKSHIRTS: Italian militiamen taking part in a review in Tripoli. These men are well equipped and well armed, but their chief occupation is the development of the agricultural resources of the country and the digging of wells in order to make it fit for future settlers. Their task is no easy one in such a desolate and torrid region

A BREACH HEALED: Rumania has at last recognised the status of the Soviet Union and, now that diplomatic relations have been resumed, it is now possible to enter Russia by the old direct route. Soviet girl railway workers are pictured here at Tiraspol frontier station when they assembled to watch the first train leave for Bucharest. A new bridge over the Dniester has had to be built here as the former structure was destroyed fifteen years ago

MARSHAL BALBO'S BODYGUARD: Officers of native troops in the service of the Governor-General of Libya. They have been trained by the Blackshirts and are said to be absolutely loyal to the Italian cause

A SOLO CELEBRATION: A French conscript drinks to his future as he waits at the Gare de l'Est for the train that is to take him to his barracks at Strasbourg. He was a member of quite a large contingent

THE CANAL

Suez and Its Connection with the Italo-Ethiopian Imbroglio

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE BECKONING HAND: Ferdinand de Lesseps invites the world's shipping to pass through his great Canal. The famous statue at the Port Said entrance

THE SUEZ WAR MEMORIAL: The twin obelisks which mark the spot where the Turks tried and failed to cross the Canal in January 1915

"IT is in Egypt that we must attack England," wrote back the young General Bonaparte to the Directory from the flush of Lombardy battlefields in 1797. In the next two years he was to put the conception into practice, with what results—now brilliant, now deceptive — we know. Nevertheless, Aboukir-and-after did not check his saying in ultimate days that the two happiest years of his life had been those of Egypt. Why? Need one ask? Was it not that then his dreams of world dominion, beginning with India, attained their most dazzling complexion?

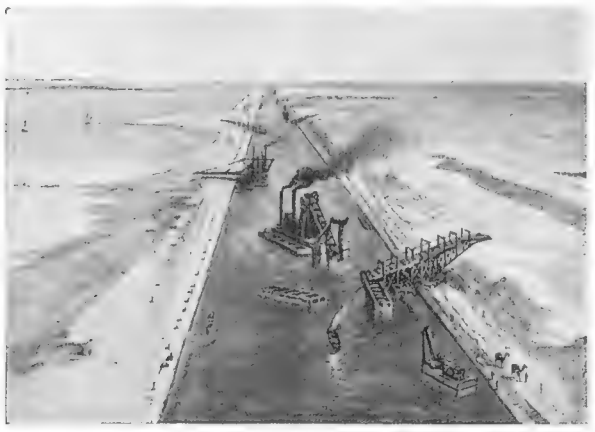
If Egypt was the gateway to dominion 140 years ago, how much more must she respond to that appellation to-day, having come to possess in the interim the most important hundred miles of territory in the world. How yet more dazzling would things have appeared to Napoleon had there been a Suez Canal to aid him.

To grasp the Eastern Mediterranean scene to-day—and it is idle to blink the fact—we have to imagine a twentieth century would-be Bonaparte thinking of Egypt much as did the wonderful little Corsican (long sung by Fascist Italy as a native son, as, of course, he was); and we may also picture the Duce as having made a momentous gamble based on Ferdinand de Lesseps' historic waterway. No one yet knows what the outcome of that gamble may be; but so much we do know: that at a sign from the League, the Suez *could* be closed, cutting off the entire Italian Army in Africa, from the homeland (since any such decisive action —naturally, to be considered by Rome as an act of war— would be accompanied by a highly effective blockade of the Eritrean and Italo-Somaliland coastline.)

The first article of the Suez Convention of 1888 may read: "The Canal shall always be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to every vessel of commerce or of war, without distinction of flag," but we made certain reservations to that, and if sixteen years later we agreed to withdraw these qualifications, as the result of the Entente with France, it is generally accepted to-day that if Britain and France were in entire accord in the matter, the League could be successfully invoked to override the fiat of Constantinople of forty-seven years ago. This country, however, would think twice and thrice about going to such an extreme inasmuch as were a precedent established for closing the waterway, in the future a combination of Powers might attempt to bar it against ourselves; most vital artery alike of commerce and of strategy. What Napoleon said is even truer now than it was in 1797 when our African, Oriental, and Australasian dominion was small compared with what it is in 1935.

LAKE MENZALEH: The waters through which the Canal passes on the first section of the journey from Port Said

THE FIRST STAGE OF A GIGANTIC PROJECT: Native labourers engaged in digging operations; donkeys with panniers being employed to carry the excavated material away. In the foreground is a foreman giving instructions



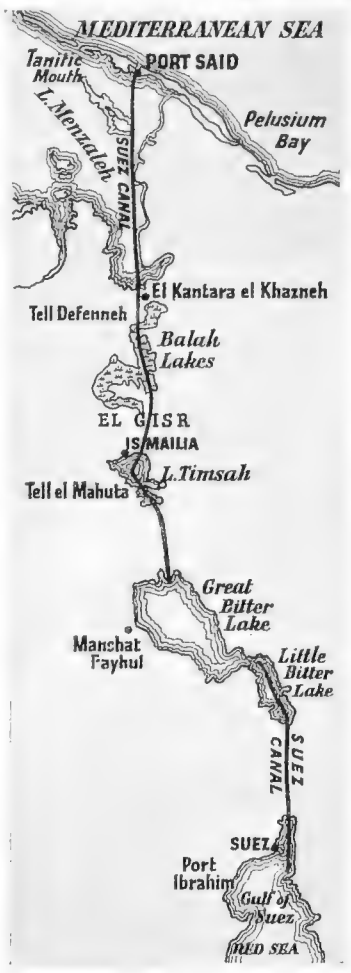
DREDGING OPERATIONS AT EL KANTARA: Natives having excavated a shallow channel, the rest of the work on some sections of the Canal was carried out mechanically

THE story of the Suez is an infinitely fascinating one, as how should it not be—the most transforming and 100 per cent. successful assault upon Nature that the nineteenth century produced—or any other century, for that matter? Nor has international drama ever been very far away in the Canal's sixty-six years of life, rising to the astonishing spectacle we are currently witnessing.

Italy is paying on an average something like £50,000 a week in dues on the troopships and cargo boats she is continuously sending to Eritrea, and bringing back in ballast or carrying casualties. Take the latest returns to hand, for the week October 9–16. Eight troopers with 13,000 men, thirteen cargo vessels, and one hospital ship, used the Canal on payment of £45,044 in sterling. It used to be in gold francs, but that was altered this summer on the Egyptian Government deciding to adopt sterling payments internationally. Nor need we place credence in the persistent rumours that the Duce was allowed credit, surreptitiously over some weeks, by the preponderant French directorship of the Suez Company. One of the British directors, Sir Ian Malcolm (who is also a British Government representative) has categorically given the lie to such tales. Everybody must pay on the nail. On the other hand, curiously enough, Italy's payments are being made by cheque through French banks.

The present Canal rates are 7s. 6d. per ton, 3s. 9d. per ton for ships in ballast, and approximately 13s. 6d. per passenger—ten gold francs. This latter fee has never been altered since before the war, when it meant about 9s. Everyone of the Duce's quarter of a million men has had to pay it. In all, about £1,000,000 has been paid up till now by means of those French cheques. From February 1 to October 1 the total number of soldiers, officials, labourers, and civilians of all categories passing Port Said in Italian vessels was 192,000, while the number returning northward-bound was 8,250. About twenty passenger liners are being employed as troopers, ranging from big ocean-going ships like the *Saturnia* and *Lombardia*, which can carry 4,500 troops each, down to 1,000-ton steamers from the Italian coasting lines (in which sea-sickness among packed men unacquainted with the sea must be rampant). In addition there are the cargo boats carrying military stores, which are not always Italian. Italy has bought several vessels specially for transport work from Holland and Germany. An average transport will pay between £2,000 and £3,000 in dues. The *Saturnia* pays up to £9,000 when filled, as she invariably is on the southward passage, her human freight packed like sardines—who has not seen those pictures of grinning, cheering, young Fascists covering every square inch of deck as their vessel passes through the Canal?

THE JUGULAR OF WORLD TRADE: Cargo vessels passing in the Suez. The maximum speed permitted to ships is ten kilometres an hour



THE COURSE OF THE "CUT" A sketch map showing how it passes through five lakes on its journey from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Suez

It reminds the writer of one of his own passages. It was in 1917, and the ship was the *Minnetonka*, 15,000 tons, the biggest vessel that had at that time used the Canal. We had 2,000 young reinforcements aboard, for Mespot, chiefly Gunners and Air Force. And there they were, the glad young faces, high up in the masts and blotting out all sight of the decks. Avidly drinking in the great adventure, these young newcomers to the war. How they cheered any stray Arab on the banks! Or "Aussie."

OF DESTINY

One hardbitten old Aussie, however, got in first. He was seated on the bank, slowly rose as the *Minnetonka* approached, ten or fifteen yards away and, cupping his hands, inquired in stentorian tone: "*Are we downhearted?*"

"*No!*" roared back 2,000 eager young throats.

"*Well, you blinking well soon will be!*" came back through those cupped and horny hands, although it wasn't "blinking" that was said.

The most massive leg-pull on the records.

To-day, 20,000-ton liners habitually pass through the Canal. Yet such is only rendered possible by continuous and costly work on the part of the Suez Company. That is one excuse the Company gives for maintaining rates at so high a level these years of depression. Several thousand expert personnel have to be permanently retained on operations of widening, deepening, rivetting, and dredging.

The belief is widespread that the Canal is mainly controlled by Britain. This is far from being the case. It is true that, as the sequel to Disraeli's celebrated *coup*, when he bought the majority of the Khedive's holding for £4,000,000 (borrowed, for the occasion, from a Rothschild), this country possesses 44 per cent. of the shares, but we rank as only one shareholder, and, as such, are entitled only to ten votes, out of many hundreds, when policy is periodically voted on. It has been suggested that, to remedy this, we might make over blocks of our shares to the Dominions, thereby gaining ten new votes each time. However, in the financial realm, our Government need not complain. The present market value of those original £4,000,000 shares is £72,000,000, while up till now the British Treasury has been enriched by over £40,000,000 in annual dividends. The current profit amounts to about £3,500,000 a year.

We have ten directors on the Board, as against twenty-one French, and one Dutch. The British representation is:

T. Harrison Hughes	Sir A. Cayzer
Sir E. Wildbore-Smith	Sir T. Royden
Sir Robert Horne	Sir Ian Malcolm
Sir John Cadman	Sir J. T. Davies
Sir Alan Anderson	Earl of Cromer

The last three represent the Government. The names as a whole testify that shipping and oil interests are well looked after. I was reminded of the identity of the French directors when calling, a year or two ago, at the Company's Paris headquarters, in the rue d'Astorg. An old-world courtesy, from faithful and bechained retainers, surrounds the visitor. The street is gloomy and the building uninteresting, but in the doorway, welcoming you, in replica of the famous statue at the Port Said entrance to his wonder-work, stands Ferdinand de Lesseps. "Please come through, won't you?" de Lesseps seems to be saying, which was, in effect, what he did say—he, above all others, wanted his Canal to endure as an international boon.

One proceeds down corridors displaying paintings, prints, models, busts, all appertaining to the proud marriage of the oceans consummated in 1869. At one point attention is halted by a wall space covered with bronze plaques and photographs. Scrutiny shows them to refer to the illustrious ones of the Third Republic: Presidents, Premiers, Foreign Ministers, Ambassadors. All have been directors of "*le Suez*," Gaston Doumergue, the late Louis Barthou, and Marshal Franchet d'Esterey, among the latest. A directorship is the reward for political services, a handsome emolument of £3,300 a year upon which to retire. (But everyone doesn't get it: Clemenceau had been too naughty an old boy, for example, too naughty all his life: one must *conform* to be of "*le Suez*").

On the 1st of each month the Board convenes in Paris, when seven is a quorum. The job is, verily, not exacting. Twelve half days a year, and attendance not compulsory. No doubt the plum of the earth. There have from time to time been movements to add German, Japanese, and Italian directors, but the French representatives, who would have to make way, have not been receptive to the idea. The whole atmosphere, at home and abroad, is profoundly French, as, indeed, it should be. Few things so permanently annoy the French as the spectacle of our protecting, and in other ways "dug in," in connection with the Canal that we jeered at, tried in every way to stop, and finally largely bought. Most of what we do not hold is in the possession of prominent French people who are colloquially referred to as "*les deux cents familles.*" They are among the richest of France.

To revert a moment to the rue d'Astorg prior to taking a trip through the Canal:

Financial and engineering sections, banking, legal, and other departments are uniformly staffed by a French secretariat. This mansion in a Paris side street is a treasure house of world-wide information. Here is available every fact concerning the industry and commerce of Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa (America, too, yet Panama reduces that story somewhat); what harvests will be like; the effect of economic nationalism and of New Deals, of Japanese dumping, and of British pipe-lines, of the challenge of the longer Cape route and of the considerably cheaper Panama tolls; shipbuilding projects; the probable world demand for oil, coal, metals, cereals, sugar, wool, wheat. Everything has been weighed and re-weighed in the rue d'Astorg so that policy may be advantageously planned. Probably no other roof shelters such a composite picture of the economic universe to-day, for no other company is so intimately a part of this.

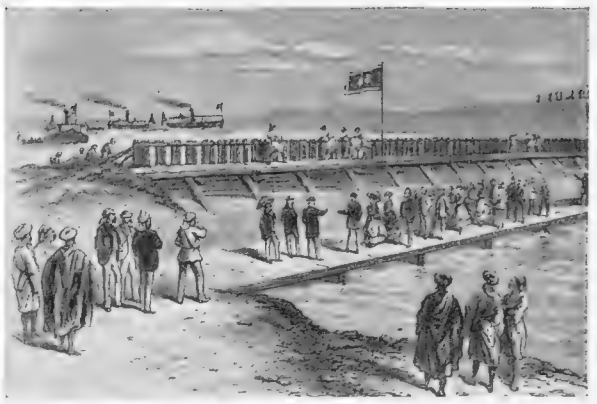
The latest figures I have (1932) show the year's receipts at 834,060,000 francs and expenditure only 290,000,000 francs. No less than 500,000,000 francs were distributed in gain; 71 per cent. to the shareholders, 15 per cent. (ex-Egyptian holdings) to the Crédit Foncier, 10 per cent. to Founders, 4 per cent. equally to directors and staff. In the preceding dozen years £50,000,000 had been so distributed (shareholders £36,000,000, Crédit Foncier £7,500,000, Founders £5,000,000, directors and staff £1,000,000 each—the de Lesseps family, however, has an annual allotment of only £900, or so it appears from the Company's report). The French Government drew 77,000,000 francs in the above year in taxes. The Suez Company is the one major enterprise in the world that has gone as good as untouched by the world crisis. In this respect, a frequent charge is that the Canal is being run for the French stockholders, and that profits are out of all reason these distressed times, also that the Canal is conducted in the most extravagant manner. To this the Company retorts that it has reduced expenditure by 27 per cent. In point of fact, until the present war, the Suez rarely invaded the news columns except when protests were periodically being made against the excessive tolls.

Over 50 per cent. of 1932's 30,600,000 tons passing through the Canal were British.

To journey now to the spot—

Approaching Port Said, where Asia links with Africa, the scene is anything but thrilling. Dun-coloured sandhills. Then you pick out a white lighthouse. And then you *do* get a thrill — from that magnificently situated statue of *le grand Français*. The chief architectural feature of Port Said is the green-domed Suez headquarters. The city, of 100,000, is a nasty hotch-potch and is reputed to be very vicious (perhaps exaggerated).

(Continued on p. 196)



A RED-LETTER DAY: An artist's impression of the ceremony in 1869 at which the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) opened the sluices of a dam, thus letting the waters of the Mediterranean flow into the Bitter Lakes

COMMEMORATING THE "MARRIAGE OF THE SEAS": The Sheik of the Muslim Faith (*left*) invoking the blessing of the Almighty on the Canal at the opening ceremony in November, 1869, which was attended by the French Empress, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Holland, and a host of other notabilities

THE HOUR OF VICTORY: The French Imperial yacht, *Aigle*, with the Empress Eugenie on board, entering the Gulf of Suez after traversing the Canal from end to end without hindrance, and thus proving to the world the success of de Lesseps' vast undertaking. This illustration, together with a number of others on these two pages, is taken from *The Illustrated London News*, which dealt extensively in its pages with the construction of "the Great Cut"

BOUND FOR THE FRONT: Italian troops crowding the deck of a liner as they pass through Suez on the way to Eritrea

KEEPING THE WAY CLEAR: A dredger at work deepening the channel at a point where soundings had revealed that it had begun to silt up

AN ITALIAN OFFICER'S QUARTERS AT ASMARA: One of many galvanised iron buildings shipped in sections from Italy. It took only two days to erect

THE ADI UGRI-ASMARA BUS: This useful vehicle which plies between these two important centres of trade in Eritrea has become a very popular means of transport

RISEN FROM THE WILDERNESS: The small but growing Eritrean township of Agordat, which has been the scene of intense military activity of recent months

THE ROAD TO THE ABYSSINIAN FRONTIER: Typical country in the neighbourhood of Adi Ugri

REMINDER OF THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT CONQUEST: A monument erected by the Italians in 1886 in order to commemorate the building of the first highway in the province of Tigré. Ten years later the territory was recaptured by the Abyssinians at the Battle of Adowa, and only last month changed hands once again

ASMARA AND ADI UGRI

A Record of a Recent Visit to Two Italian Military Bases in Eritrea

By G. A. MARTELLI

ASMARA railway station is nearly a mile from the centre of the town, and there are only two taxis to meet the train. By the time I had got my luggage out they had both departed, fully laden. However, the driver of a military lorry which had come to fetch some parcels obligingly offered me a lift.

The road was white with dust and full of pot-holes, and the elderly Fiat jolted along it hooting continuously. It had served throughout the Great War the driver informed me. Heavily burdened mules, white clothed natives on foot, and grey-green touring cars carrying staff officers passed us frequently. Our route led direct into one of the two principal streets, a long straight thoroughfare lined with two-storeyed buildings. They were solidly constructed but none too white outside, and seemed for the most part to be occupied by merchants, although the absence of window display made it difficult to see what they traded in.

There were Arab bazaars selling anything from Japanese shirts to ivory crosses; dark storerooms stacked with sacks of grain and enormous flasks of wine; tobacconists, photographers, cobblers, and an occasional native jeweller. The shops and pavements were thronged with soldiers, many of them in the grey green serge and kepi worn by the conscripts in Italy. The khaki shorts and sun-helmet which I was still sporting were evidently quite out of place at Asmara. I noticed that civilians, unless trying to look military, wore their ordinary suits and head-gear.

As we approached the centre the aspect of the town became increasingly European. Cafés appeared and shop windows displaying the latest fashions from Italy; also a chemist's and a ladies' hairdresser and several large stores containing enough food in tins to keep a hungry journalist for several months in the event of other supplies being cut off.

But the pride of Asmara was still to appear. My conveyance suddenly swung round a corner, rattled along a side street and debouched into a wide avenue, which for dignified spaciousness would not be out of place in Rome. The Viale Mussolini is Fascism's contribution to the architectural plan of the colonial capital. It contains the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a fine romanesque basilica brightly decorated inside; the Municipal Theatre; the Fascist headquarters, where are housed the bureaux of the Press and propaganda; and a number of other Government buildings, all equally imposing.

The Viale Mussolini is obviously intended to mark the difference between the Fascist era and what preceded it. If it appears a little out of proportion to the rest of the town, it must be remembered that the new Roman Empire, like the old, builds with its eye on posterity.

The building of the *fascio*, which is called the Casa Arnaldo Mussolini in honour of the Duce's brother, became from henceforth the centre of my life. It is here that the special correspondents, when not visiting the army, largely live and have their professional being. There is no other Government in the world which organises the Press, both foreign and domestic, so thoroughly as the Italian. For foreign correspondents the system has advantages and disadvantages. In Eritrea, which is now a vast armed camp, and where nothing can be done without the permission of the military authorities, there would be no option anyway, and the concentration under one roof of press bureau, censorship, telegraph office, workroom, and restaurant, undoubtedly has its convenience.

Sleeping accommodation was a problem and I imagine still is. There is only one decent hotel in Asmara and needless to say it is always overflowing. In my case and that of several *confrères* it overflowed into a neat little galvanised iron bungalow (photograph attached), shipped in pieces from Italy and put together in two days, another two being needed to supply water and electricity. These convenient, and by no means uncomfortable dwellings must have been manufactured in thousands and are to be seen all over the colony including the war zone, where every general is provided with one. They consist of four rooms, a bathroom with h. and c., and a veranda.

The hotel was the only social centre I could discover, although there may have been others more exclusive to which I did not penetrate. It was certainly the only eating place until we organised our own mess, and the management did a thriving business in lunches and dinners. The meal cost 10 lire (3s. 4d.), or 9.90 without wine, and looked better than it was. After a week or so of the menu people began to lose their colour, and the next thing you heard was that they were temporarily indisposed. It wasn't very serious—a question of acclimatisation.

At about six every evening the hotel bar became quite lively. Officers, engineers, and members of the permanent colony would drop in to drink and gossip or to play a weird form of billiards, which necessitated placing a coin in a slot. A rare event was the holding of a vermouth party in honour of a French woman journalist. Apart from this lady, whose trousers and Sam Browne belt became quite familiar objects, the feminine part of the community was conspicuous by its absence. Most of the wives of Government employees had already left, and the few remaining were under orders to do so. On the other hand the wives and daughters of the Italian traders were too busy helping their husbands ever to appear abroad.

The traders, of course, were enjoying the boom of a lifetime. It was said that a man could make enough money hiring a van out to the Government to buy a new van at the end of each month. Their only trouble was the difficulty of getting new stock from Italy; they could have sold what was in their shops again and again.

Nobody in Asmara seemed to be much concerned with the prospect of hostilities. They were all much too preoccupied getting on with their own jobs, whether it was building a road, erecting a barracks, or simply making money. In September there was still the most complete confidence in the outcome of the war provided of course that the League (they generally said "England") didn't interfere too much. "We're getting on fine," the representative of a big trading firm said to me. "Our only mistake was to talk too much about what we were going to do." I could not but agree with him.

The day after my arrival I spent exploring the rest of Asmara. I visited the palace of the High Commissioner, a long low building in classical style relieved by its terra-cotta colouring. Here I was presented to General de Bono, a dynamic little old man, and talked with General Gabba, his tall and courteous Chief of Staff. The offices of the General Staff struck me as extremely small—not much bigger than my own bungalow—but I supposed they were designed so as to be rapidly transferable to the field of battle. As the Chief of Staff declined, though in the politest way, to reveal his military plans to me, I soon took my departure and set out on a tour.

The chief sights in Asmara are the old fortress (photograph attached) which is named after General Baldissera, conqueror of Eritrea; the four military hospitals, of which the biggest, for surgical cases, was still in course of construction, the new radio station, and the recently completed asphalt aerodrome. After inspecting them all I concluded my day with a walk through the native quarter, a visit to the Copt Church, and a formal call on the Ethiopian Consul.

I found the Consul in a little pink villa built on some waste land between the outskirts of the native quarter and the church. He was unable to receive me in his house, as both light and telephone had unaccountably failed, but we had a nice chat in the garden, from which a full view could be obtained of the squalid native city spread densely over a hill.

Here narrow "streets," no wider than paths, wind tortuously upwards, and the population lives practically invisible to the sightseer, squatting in dark hovels made of mud or rickety planks. And yet, strangely enough, it is only in these primitive and not too savoury dwellings, and among the lazy, chattering crowd that fills the market and the watering place, that life in the capital seems the easy, natural thing it should be.

I was naturally anxious to inspect the war zone as soon as possible. After waiting a day during which the necessary arrangements were made, and various commanders warned of my impending arrival, I set out at daybreak by car accompanied by an officer attached to the Press Bureau. Our objective was Adi Quala, eighty miles south of Asmara, whence we should proceed, I hoped, by mule to the frontier along the road which leads to Adowa. For ten miles or so the route lay flat across the plateau, with fields of maize and other cereals on either side. Occasionally a herd of surprisingly healthy-looking cattle, or a collection of low stone dwellings with turf roofs, marked the vicinity of a village. Natives carrying wood or driving their donkeys to town, as well as lorries and gangs working on the road, were already numerous.

At the edge of the plateau, the mountains of Adowa, their jagged points piercing the distant mist, made a sudden and dramatic appearance. The road at once began to descend steeply, winding in a long corkscrew between cliff and precipice, where Italian workmen were hard at it widening and improving corners. Far below, a native caravan wound slowly up the valley, while on the opposite side could still be seen the traces of the old road constructed by Baldissera's soldiers before the ill-fated campaign of 1896.

After descending 1,000 ft. or so the road continued across the flat to arrive at Adi Ugri

(*Continued on p.* 194)

THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA

News from Both Sides of the Lines

RACING FOR A POINT OF VANTAGE: Abyssinian warriors making a dash across open ground preparatory to the first hand-to-hand fighting on the Ogaden front when the vanguard of General Graziani's army came into contact with the troops of General Nasibu and General Habuta Mikaille. The speed of the natives has to be seen to be believed, and even warriors of fifty, sixty, and seventy years of age display the most remarkable agility. They do not appear to be unduly afraid of rifle fire, but they are apt to become demoralised by bombing 'planes against the machine-guns of which they feel absolutely helpless

THE C.-IN-C.: General de Bono (*seated*), Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces, in conversation with staff officers at his headquarters in the Adowa sector. It is rumoured that he is to be superseded by Marshal Badoglio, Chief of the General Staff, but at the time of writing there is no official confirmation of this

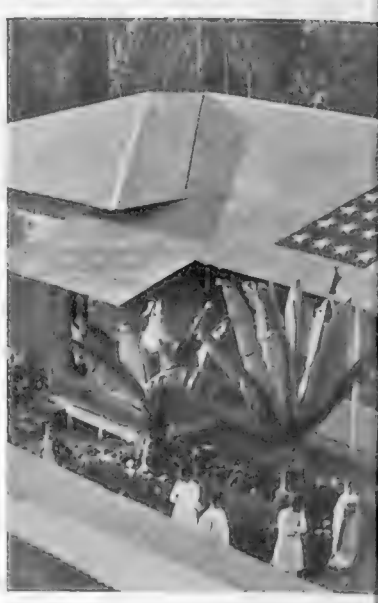
ITALY'S GREATEST ENEMY? The lack of water in many parts of Tigré is making things extremely difficult for General de Bono's invading force, and their troubles have been further increased as a result of the salting of the waterholes by the Abyssinians. In this picture men are seen pumping from a newly-dug well

A FRENCH SERVANT OF THE EMPEROR: Lt. Degouy, of Paris, with two members of the Military Police of which he is one of the commanders in the Harar district

THE NORTHERN G. H. Q.: Natives thatching the roof of a hut hastily built as a headquarters for Ras Seyoum, the leader of Haile Selassie's Tigré armies

TO SWELL THE RANKS OF ETHIOPIA'S EVER-GROWING ARMY: Warriors cheering the Emperor in the courtyard of the Old Palace at Addis Ababa when they attended a rifle inspection by members of the Palace Arms Depot. Faulty and obsolete weapons were immediately impounded and, much to their delight, many of the men received brand new rifles and a supply of cartridges

FIGHTING ON TWO FRONTS:



"OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE . . ." boldly on the corrugated iron roof Addis Ababa in order to

WARNING TO THE INVADERS: A Red of another Addis Ababa hospital. also reported to have placed the of saving their property

AFTERMATH OF ADOWA: Abyssinians attending to the wounded after Ras Seyoum's troops had had the worst of the skirmishing during one of the first days of the campaign in the province of Tigré. It is well nigh impossible to estimate the number of killed and wounded in this area as pro-Italian, pro-Ethiopian, and impartial observers give such extremely conflicting figures

A CASUALTY ON THE NORTHERN Cross man leading a mule on scious warrior whom he picked

Latest Pictures from Ogaden and Tigré, and Scenes in the Ethiopian Capital

The Stars and Stripes painted of the American Hospital in warn bombing 'planes

Cross being painted on the roof Several private residents are sign on their houses in the hope from being damaged

CHEERS FOR THE EMPEROR: An Abyssinian warrior, carrying shield, rifle, and sword, acclaiming Haile Selassie in the courtyard of the Palace before leaving Addis Ababa for the front. He was a member of a draft of twenty thousand men recently sent to the Province of Tigré to join the forces of Ras Seyoum, commander of the Northern Armies. Prior to their departure they received a year's pay

FRONT: An Ethiopian Red which he had placed an uncon- up on the field of battle

BATTLE-SCARRED BUT UNBOWED: *Left*—A member of General Nasibu's southern defence force who was wounded in an attack on Jigija by Italian bombing 'planes, but still stuck to his post. *Right*—A warrior of the northern front sitting in the shade after being attended to by the Red Cross. He was not seriously injured, but was very exhausted after lying unconscious in the sun for some hours

INDIAN FILMS fo

A Rapidly Developing Native

IN THE TEMPLE: An episode from a vernacular picture dealing with the struggle between the religious and political elements in the country—a favourite theme among Indian film fans

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE EAST: Audiences delight in elaborate settings such as this, and, needless to say, producers spare no expense in providing them

NATURE'S MIRROR: Nalini Turkhud in a pretty scene in which she sings one of the many romantic songs that are invariably given in Indian pictures to provide a diversion from the main theme. Dancing is another essential of every popular film

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY: A palace setting in which director and cameraman have skilfully combined to produce a highly artistic light and shade effect

A HINDU SCREEN STAR: Nalini Turkhud, a great success in pictures. There is a scar spite of the fact that large salaries are oft £2,000 a year, a strong prejudice still exis

On Left—CLOSE UP: An example of angle photography, at which some of the native cameramen are quite skilled. Others, however, have much to learn, and, it should be noted, the "stills" shown on these two pages represent only the best work

for the INDIANS

ive Motion Picture Industry

d, a girl of good family who is making a scarcity of actresses in the country, for in offered and a woman can earn as much as exists against their entering the profession

Above—STREET SCENE: This elaborate "set" was built up in the grounds of the Cinetone Studios at Poona. Hundreds of "extras" took part, but as they work for a few shillings a day the expense was not so great as might possibly be imagined

INTRIGUE AND CONSPIRACY: A typical scene from a film, made in the Prabhat Cinetone Company's studios at Poona, which broke all box-office records when it ran for several months in Bombay. Often as much as £30,000 is spent on this class of spectacular picture which, in order to meet Indian requirements, is nearly twice the length of any Hollywood or Elstree production

THE PRINCE'S BEDCHAMBER: Another scene in the palace which, in order to add realism to the final episodes of the picture, was completely destroyed. It was one of the most costly and elaborate sets ever made for an Indian production

A DRAIN CUT IN GRANITE: This once carried water away from the Mortuary Temple of King Khephren, and recent excavations have shown that it formed part of a highly elaborate drainage system

NEW EXCAVATIONS AT GIZA

A Record of the Work Carried Out During the Past Few Seasons by the Cairo University Faculty of Arts

By E. O. ARMYTAGE and G. P. DAWSON

CLEARING THE TOMBS OF THE SONS, DAUGHTERS, HIGH PRIESTS, AND STATE OFFICIALS OF KING KHEPHREN: Employees of Cairo University Faculty of Arts engaged in digging operations which occupied them the greater part of last season

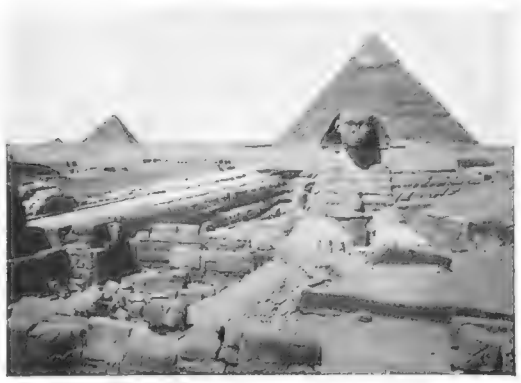
THE GREAT SARCOPHAGUS tomb chamber showing The picture was extremely few feet longer

SOME ten years ago when one visited the Pyramids of Giza and the Sphinx, there was an atmosphere of desolation and majesty. There were those gigantic monuments of stone—the Pyramids. There was the Sphinx rearing its head out of the desert sand.

The bases of the Pyramids themselves were, in some cases, covered up to a height of about 50 ft., caused by the fallen debris after the encasing outer layers of stone had been removed throughout the ages to make other buildings.

The Sphinx itself—that colossal statue of a recumbent lion with the head of a king, hewn out of solid rock facing the rising sun with an inscrutable expression, gave the idea of great mystery. Very little was known about its meaning. It was believed that some time after its construction, it had been named Harmachris ("Horus on the Horizon"), and that it had been constructed by King Khephren in a quarry from which some of the stones to build the tomb of King Cheops had been cut.

We learn that the first excavation and restoration of the Sphinx was undertaken by Thutmosis IV, who reigned 1420 B.C. until 1411 B.C., this being about 1,200 years after it was constructed at the orders of King Khephren who reigned *circa* 2630 B.C. It was again excavated in the Roman period, but in 1818 was completely excavated for the first time by Caviglia working under the auspices of an English society. It was afterwards excavated by Maspero in 1886; but always the sand encroached and obliterated all signs of former excavation. Thanks, however, to the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, it was further excavated in 1925–26 by Baraize, and it is now, together with its near surroundings, entirely free of débris and sand. Unfortunately, however, it has lost much of its picturesqueness and charm.



FREED FROM THE DESERT'S CLUTCHES: The Great Sphinx as it is to-day with the debris and sand removed from its base. The work was undertaken in the 1925-26 season

The object of this article is to describe the work of clearing up, that being carried out by the Egyptian archæologist Professor Selim Hassan who is working for the Cairo University Faculty of Arts and has completed his sixth season.

Near the Sphinx there runs a causeway about 700 yards in length, the existence of which has been long known, but these excavations have proved it to be constructed of enormous blocks of stone, some even 6 ft. by 4 ft. This causeway leads directly from the Valley Temple of King Khephren to the main portal of the King's Mortuary Temple, which almost adjoins his Pyramid, known as the Second Pyramid.

The Mortuary Temple of the king, approached up the causeway from the Valley Temple close to the Sphinx, must have presented an imposing appearance. Looking at it from this angle one would have been confronted by two large pylons faced with red granite. Passing through the doorway of the temple, you reach an outer hall to the left of which is a small room some 30 ft. square, and to the right a much larger room about 120 ft. by 25 ft. These two rooms were evidently used for the storage of temple paraphernalia. Upon entering a further door one comes to a hypostyle hall which consisted of a number of square red granite columns. The rest of the temple is in a somewhat fragmentary condition, although you can still see the fact that, following the style of all temples of this type, it consisted of a public chapel and an inner sanctuary; also other doorways may be traced. Nevertheless it is hoped that it will be possible to reconstruct this important edifice of the Fourth Dynasty (2720 B.C.—2560 B.C.) with the material at hand, the fragments of which are scattered all around the temple.

The Mortuary Temple was originally excavated by the Germans under Von Sieglin. Among the many interesting discoveries is part of a granite column on which are cut some hieroglyphics. These hieroglyphics represent a bee and a plant side by side; the former standing for Lower Egypt and the latter for Upper Egypt. Above the two hieroglyphics is a portion of a serakh façade, presumably over which would have been the Horus name of King Khephren,

Nearby, there is a drain cut in granite which obviously carried water away from the temple, and has now been proved by the present excavations to be the start of an elaborate drainage system.

It is in the neighbourhood of the Mortuary Temple that four sun-boats cut in the rock have been discovered. Some years have elapsed since the first sun-boat of this type was unearthed at Giza.

Sun-boats are represented in many ways in Egyptian tombs, mostly as paintings on the walls, the idea being that the ka or spirit of the deceased entered the boat to be ferried across the dangers of the underworld.

These sun-boats in the region of the Second Pyramid are extremely interesting. They are exact replicas of boats, and the places where the rowers were supposed to have sat are marked by seats hewn in the stone.

The first sun-boat found at this spot was uncovered, and presumably for the spirit to use during the day. A short distance away, another, cut underground, was probably the one for the use of the spirit during the night. In this case the seats were more clearly defined than in the former.

The other two sun-boats, which have not been entirely excavated, possibly represent a sun-boat for Upper Egypt, and a sun-boat for Lower Egypt. In one, the bones of a bull were found.

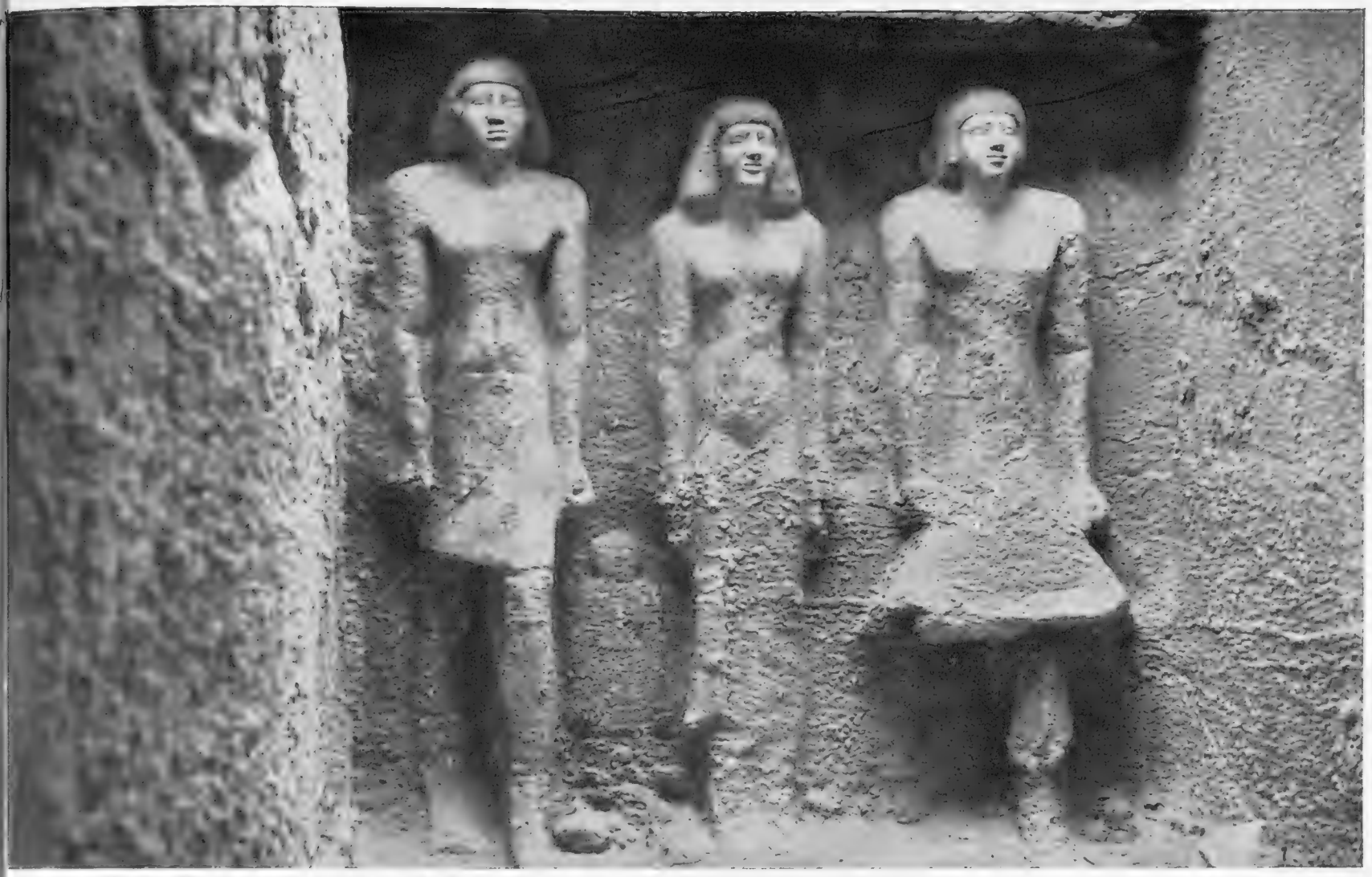
In some of these sun-boats there are traces of wood which had originally formed the shape of the boat in the rock.

Last season's work was mainly occupied in clearing the causeway, and the tombs of the sons, daughters, high priests, and State officials of King Khephren. Their tombs lie to the right upon descending to the Valley Temple.

At a point about half-way down the causeway, a very interesting subterranean passage has been unearthed, connecting the cemetery of the court of King Khephren to that of King Cheops. As the whole of this part of King Cheops' cemetery has never been excavated, it is impossible to say what lies under the present surface level.

At a later period, a large square hole, about 10 ft. square, was cut in the causeway.

This proved to be an enormous and highly dangerous task for the excavators to clear of debris. It was found to be a perpendicular shaft dropping 32 ft. to the first chamber and intersecting the subterranean passage under the causeway, proving that at the time of its construction the tunnel between the two cemeteries was blocked. Arriving at the



THE FIND OF THE 1934-1935 SEASON: Life-sized statues cut in the solid rock and representing Ka-heristef (a priest of Queen Reket-ra), his wife, their child (just discernible between them), and his brother-in-law. This remarkable discovery was made at the foot of a flight of steps leading to a tomb chamber

OF QUEEN REKET-RA: A scene in the the lid moved half-way off by robbers. difficult to take as the room is only a and wider than the coffin

first platform, another square hole was found cut not directly underneath the descending shaft, but about 14 ft. to the left.

This descended 50 ft. more to a large tomb chamber with small rooms all around, two of which contained gigantic basaltic sarcophagi that had been plundered. Still another square hole with a perpendicular shaft, also not directly under the descending one, went down 42 ft. more into water. By the aid of very strong lights, many sarcophagi are seen to lie under the water. It is quite possible that these sarcophagi have never been robbed. It is hoped at a future date to pump this lower tomb chamber dry. It has been proved that this very macabre and awe-inspiring burial-place was constructed somewhere about the twenty-fourth Dynasty.

During last season's excavations the tombs of two sons and two daughters of King Khephren, whose names were—Iwn-ra and Ankh-ma-ra and the daughters Princess Hemet-ra and Queen Reket-ra were discovered. It is interesting to note that in the case of nearly all King Khephren's children, their names always ended in the word—Ra; and also their sarcophagi are facing the East, showing their connection with sun worship.

Of these burial-places the tomb that is most interesting and best preserved is that of Hemet-ra. This has its own particular passage cut in the rock leading to the doorway of the Mortuary Chapel. On the walls inside the doorway are executed scenes in bas-relief representing bulls from the King's domains with ribbons hung round their necks.

The chapel itself consists of four square pillars supporting the roof, on each side of which are paintings of the Princess represented in different types and colours of dresses. In one she has a green dress, in another a yellow, in another a blue, and so forth, and in one particular case she is obviously clad in a dress consisting of beads. In a tomb nearby there was discovered a dress in beads exactly similar to that which the Princess is portrayed as wearing in these paintings in her tomb.

Over the doorway of the tomb of Reket-ra is the usual cylindrical stone drum inscribed with the name and titles of the Queen. You enter a somewhat plain mortuary chapel; on one side is an altar for offerings, and two shelves in front of which stood offering tables. In the tomb chamber itself is situated the rather plain stone sarcophagus of the deceased in an extremely inaccessible position. The lid has been moved half-way off the sarcophagus by the tomb robbers who plundered this tomb some time after its construction. Descending a small passage to the tomb of Iwn-ra, you pass another tomb, that of Su-dj-ka, over the door of which, in hieroglyphics, we learn that he was connected with the crown and court of King Khephren.

The tomb of Iwn-ra is in a very bad state of preservation. On the right are two fragmentary statues of the deceased. One faces what would have been the small outer hall and the other a small room.

The plan of the actual tomb chamber and chapel is similar to a great many others in this neighbourhood. The sarcophagus has been smashed; the remains can still be seen.

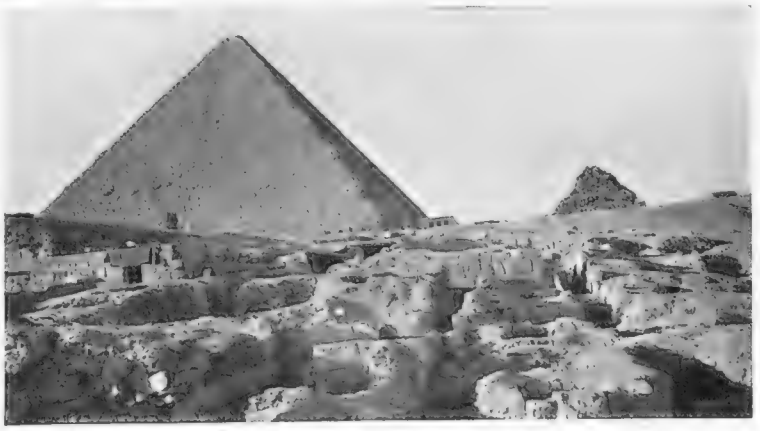
One of the most important discoveries last season was the tomb of Ka-heristef, who was a priest of Queen Reket-ra. Descending a flight of steps, you are confronted with life-size statues of the deceased, his wife, and family cut in the solid rock. This is a unique manner of portraying statues in a tomb.

The remainder of the tomb chamber consists of a square room entered through a doorway to the right of the steps.

In very few cases have unmolested sarcophagi been discovered. Most of them have been opened and robbed presumably at a very early period, and the sarcophagus contained nothing but dust and a few bones.

There are, however, exceptions. There have been found several sarcophagi containing the

(Continued on p. 194)



IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS: The tomb of Hemo (*foreground on left*) which has recently been reconstructed with great skill from fragments found lying in the vicinity

HEMO, PRIEST OF NSERRA: A bas-relief at the entrance to his tomb. His father, Dwaka, was at the Court of King Khephren, one of the powerful monarchs of the IVth dynasty

QUICK-CHANGE WEMBLEY

Where the Stadium and the Empire Arena are Made the Venue for such a Host of Different Sports that the "Switch-overs" have to be Carried Out with Breathtaking Speed

By CHARLES GRAVES

SPEEDWAY RACING IN THE STADIUM: In order to prepare the track for this sport at the beginning of the season, some of the turf from the football field has to be moved and over £250 worth of special cinders is laid down. One hundred men work night and day for seventy-two hours to complete this task

WITHOUT question Wembley is the most versatile sports centre in the world. Even Madison Square Garden in New York cannot compare with the quick change in the number of sports events which take place there. These include ice hockey, greyhound racing, professional soccer, professional rugger, boxing, lawn tennis, speedway racing, indoor athletics, dog shows, sheep dog trials, ice-skating, swimming, diving, and even table tennis.

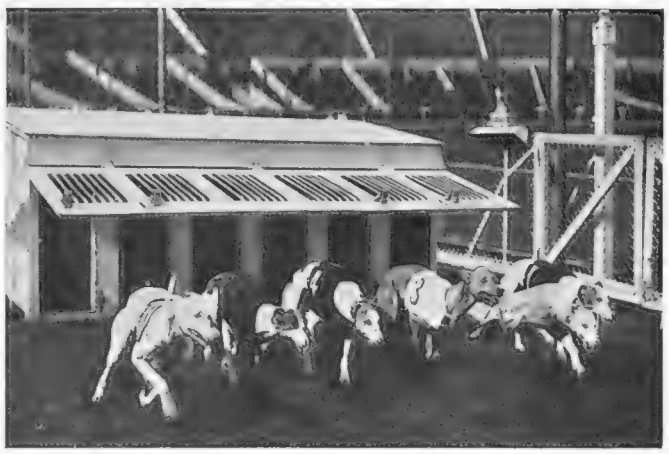
One of the first rules in making an athletic centre like this successful is the removal of every vestige of the previous sport. You must never allow your boxing fans to think that they are merely there by kind permission for one night in a swimming pool. In the same way the public does not want to swim in a boxing hall even though it is the best in the country. Even when there are table-tennis championships the directors must make the public feel that the place might have been built for these events. No sports fan likes to feel on sufferance. Life being what it is to-day, tickets for all these different sports and spectacles are sold in advance. Therefore the seating accommodation has to conform to the booking plans.

Wembley, for the purposes of this article, must be divided into its two component parts—the stadium and the arena. Taking the two together, the cost of switching over at either of them from one sport to the next amounts to over £10,000 in any given year. This is despite the fact that the experience of the past five years has enabled the management to cut down the number of men employed for this purpose from 500 or 600 to 200. These men are for the rest of the time groundsmen, track officials, cleaners, painters, electricians, and maintenance men.

The most remarkable series of switch-overs occurred only a few days ago. At midnight the swimming season had come to an end, and the 700,000 gallons of water in the pool were being emptied the moment the last swimmer was out of the water. By 4 a.m., while the water was still receding, the scaffolding was being erected at the shallow end of the bath. This was the first step in erecting the network of steel under-structure which in turn was to carry the timbered floor and the ice through the winter months. All the diving equipment had to be stored away. The ice plant and feeding pipes had to be fixed and put round—twenty miles of them—embedded in sand and ready to freeze. All the bathing equipment had to be taken out of the locker rooms, and these in turn gave place to cafés and restaurants for the skaters. Three thousand additional seats were erected, and by working day and night there was no sign of the pool within barely a week.

Whereupon the arena was prepared for the dog show on the Saturday morning. There were 3,000 entries. By half-past five all the benches had been removed, and the ring was covered with peat-moss and so forth for the dog tournament which began at seven o'clock, a pack of fox-hounds, blind men's dogs, and sheep-dog trials forming the major attractions. By midnight the whole place was being turned into hard courts for the professional lawn tennis championships. The ring was cleared, special lighting was installed, the dark green floor was put down, and canvas surrounds were erected. The tournaments ran a week. Within a few minutes after it was over ringside seats were being put in for the big fights on the Tuesday night. This involved, among other things, totally different lighting. At midnight as the last boxing fans were leaving the building the seats were being taken out, the floor was being taken up, and within fourteen hours the first ice-hockey practice match was being played. Ice-hockey and ice-skating are taking place every day now, but on Monday, November 11, when the ice-skating is over, the floor will have to be put down, a ring erected, and the special lighting installed for the big fight between Loughran and Strickland, with Palmer and Wenstob as the secondary attraction. By 6 p.m. the following day the doors will be opened for this fight, and by midday of the morning after ice-skating will be in full swing once more.

The most difficult switch in the year for the stadium is from the Wednesday greyhound racing to the Cup Final or Rugby League Final on the Saturday. This holds equally good, of course, with the England v. Scotland International which also takes place three days after the greyhound racing; 25,000 seats have to be put in. Each has to be numbered and checked, for the tickets will already have been sold. Hundreds of sectional signs must be erected. All the masses of food and drink, including thousands of bottles of whisky and beer, not to mention the supplies for 4,000 luncheons in the restaurant, must be brought in. The greyhound-racing equipment has to be taken away, together with the re-arrangement of the barriers and the segregating of the pens. The entrance to the stadium must be remodelled, too.



". . . WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT": Leaving the traps at the start of a greyhound race at Wembley. In his article Charles Graves describes how after the Cup Final the track officials have only two hours to prepare the Stadium for the evening's racing, but they always manage to do the job to time

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS: A championship match in progress on the floodlit court of the Empire Arena

THE ARENA IN WINTER: The skating rink which is supported by scaffolding built up inside the empty swimming pool. It takes exactly a week to carry out this "switch-over"

After the football match there are only two hours before the place is open for greyhound racing again that evening. As the football fans get up squads of men remove the seats literally from under them. Almost as the whistle goes the goal posts are being taken down and the electric hare equipment is being put in. The trouble is that this free entertainment is getting too well known among the football fans, and they like to stay behind to watch it, thus adding to the difficulties of the Wembley management. Within an hour and three-quarters, however, 400 tons of litter have been collected and put in the incinerator, and the 25,000 seats taken out in order to promote a free circulation for the greyhound racing crowds. The stewards' box is the Royal retiring room at the football match and has to be, of course, all changed over. As for the telephone connections and signals, they alone are enough to break the average organiser's heart.

This switch-over, forwards and backwards, takes place three times in a month, as the Rugby League Final, the England v. Scotland International, and the Cup Final all occur inside that period. The Rugby League Final being the last football event of the season, there are terrific scenes as soon as the crowd disappears. For it has to be turned into a speedway track within four days. The speedway takes up a large part of the pitch. So the grass and soil to the tune of £250 worth has to be removed. There is no time to cut it. It is placed in horse-carts and dumped in outhouses. 500 tons of special cinders, worth about £250, have to be laid down and rolled and watered. A complete lighting installation must be erected. 100 men working day and night for three days just enable the dress rehearsal of the speedway racing to take place within three days. When you consider that two greyhound meetings interrupt, you will realise how hard the men work.

At the moment the opposite transformation is being completed. The 500 tons of cinders have been taken out and £300 worth of turf has been put down and is knitting for the football season.

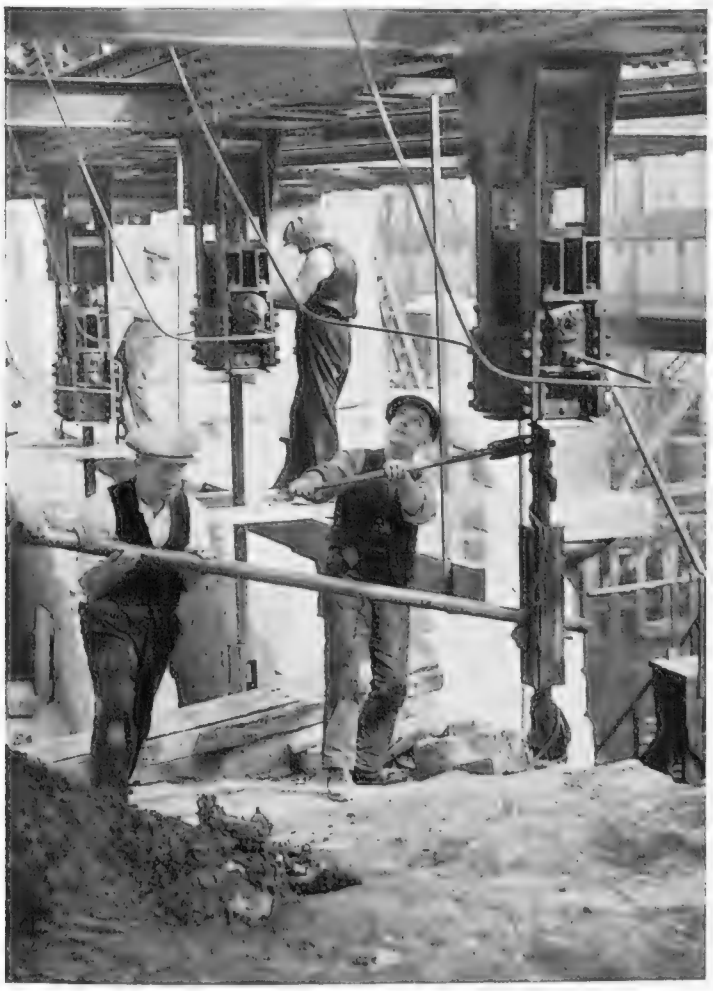
On due consideration, Mr. A. J. Elvin, the managing director, thinks that the switch-over before and after the Petersen—Harvey fight in the stadium was the biggest of his career; 25,000 extra seats had to be put in; 8,000 more seats had to be installed on the middle of the football pitch which had previously to be covered by a timber floor, which alone cost £800. Every seat had to be numbered and checked. The ring had to be erected, and concrete slabs placed under the turf to support it before it was covered. Special ring lighting was also necessary. Bridges and gangways had to be placed over the greyhound track giving access to the ringside seats. Special flood-lighting was required all round, and within twenty-four hours the whole place had to be ready for the next night's greyhound racing. No wonder Mr. Elvin has almost gone bald.

THE ARENA IN SUMMER: The gigantic bathing pool which has mechanism for creating artificial waves. Thés dansants are held on the balcony during the summer season, but when necessary, several hundreds of seats can be temporarily installed there

Waterloo Bridge : The Arches Disappear

A GIGANTIC UNDERTAKING NEARING ITS END: Waterloo Bridge as it is to-day with the archstones removed and, of Rennie's original structure, only the piers remaining. Some of the temporary steel centering has also been taken away and, when this task is completed, work will begin inside steel sheet-pile cofferdams on the demolition of the piers and their foundations. As hitherto there will be a minimum of interference with traffic passing up and down the river, and arrangements have been made for the material to be lowered on to barges by derrick cranes operating from staging erected round the cofferdams

THE CENTERING LAID BARE: A view showing one of the trusses stretching between two of the piers and connected by a series of vertical rods with the temporary steelwork used for supporting the archstones



A MATTER OF PRECISION: *Above*—Tightening one of the vertical rods during the delicate operation of transferring the weight of the archstones from the piers to the steel trusses above. *Right*—Workmen starting to demolish the centering which has been giving support to the centre arch of the bridge

Horse Guards and Lancers

Line the Bridal Way

WEDDING OF THE QUEEN'S GODCHILDREN: *Left.*—The Duke of Roxburghe and Lady Mary Evelyn Hungerford Crewe-Milnes, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe, passing beneath the guard of honour provided by the Royal Horse Guards following their marriage last week at Westminster Abbey. The reception after the ceremony was attended by Her Majesty. *Right.*—Four of Lady Mary's twelve bridal attendants, one of whom was six-year-old Lord Primrose whose antics created somewhat of a diversion during the service

THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR AT THE ROXBURGHE-CREWE-MILNES WEDDING: His Excellency Dino Grandi who, in spite of the press of diplomatic affairs, found time to attend the service

BEAUTY ATTENDS THE BRIDE: A bevy of charming bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. W. S. Battersby, of Hadley Woods, Hertfordshire, and Miss Barbara Dottridge at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

A MILITARY MARRIAGE AT ST. MARGARET'S: Mr. William Browne-Clayton, of the 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Brig.-General R. C. Browne-Clayton, and his bride, Miss Janet Jardine, daughter of Brig.-Gen. J. B. Jardine, of Chesterknowes Selkirk. A guard of honour was formed from the bridegroom's regiment

PUTTING THEIR BACKS INTO IT: Police holding at bay the huge crowd that gathered outside Westminster Abbey to see the Duke of Roxburghe and his bride

METROPOLITAN MISCELLANY

TRAMS SUPERSEDED: One of the four hundred London tram drivers who are being trained at the Fullwell Depot of the L.P.T.B. to operate the new trolley buses which are being placed on forty-two miles of route in West London

WORKING-CLASS HOMES: Lady May Abel Smith opening the eighteen new cottage flats in Wyndham Road, Camberwell, which have been erected by the Church Army at a cost of £13,000 and each of which consists of a living room, small kitchen, bathroom, coal store, three bedrooms, and perambulator accommodation. The rents are very low

A NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR'S JUBILEE GIFT TO FLEET STREET: The scene at the unveiling of the historic clock which, through the generosity of Lord Rothermere, has now been returned to its old home at the church of St. Dunstan's in the West whence it was removed in 1830, as it had got into such a bad condition. Previous to that the giants striking the bells with their clubs had been a familiar sight in London for nearly 160 years, and it appears that the clock was made by one Thomas Harrys who lived in Water Lane, in the City, and was paid only £35 for his masterpiece

AN ENGINEERING FEAT IN DOCKLAND: The old L.N.E.R. tunnel (*left*) which was constructed in 1877 and passes under the Royal Albert Docks near Silvertown Station, is now being lowered in order to allow of the deepening of the dock above. *Right*—Men at work on the steel sections of the new tunnel

The World of Books

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

LIKE many other good haters of shams, shibboleths, bunk, graft, and ballyhoo, Mr. Sinclair Lewis has been called many names in and out of his own country. So it does not surprise me to learn, from the depths of Bloomsbury, what he is not. He is not, they say, a novelist; merely a propagandist. In such terms poets and novelists have been driven into exile from this country. In America they have too much respect for the Nobel Prize Committee.

The patent nonsense of it all is that Sinclair Lewis is nothing if not a born novelist, and I for one would like to know what he was propaganding about in *Ann Vickers* or *Martin Arrowsmith*. Perhaps it annoys them that he, and not they, has written novels that have enriched the language; more probably it is that he has made money out of them.

Yet Lewis has always, in my opinion, been at his best when his story has behind it a purpose; when he is battering at the smugness of Main Street, immortalising that roaring Rotarian, Babbit, or trouncing the Bible punchers with Elmer Gantry. Propaganda if you like; but directed against organised hypocrisy; against the graft-entrenched gasbags of a corrupt social system; against injustice in all forms, and above all man's insatiable cruelty to man. Who denies that these are great novels because they have a purpose had better be reminded how much that is immortal in literature has been born of revolt against such things.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) is a novel in which Sinclair Lewis takes a Wellsian leap into prophecy. It opens with America on the eve of the next Presidential election. Huey Long has taught the populace how Dictators can be made by the aid of mountebank oratory and gangster methods; Father Coughlin the art of silver-voiced spell-binding by radio. A new and greater radio priest has arisen, one Bishop Prang and his League of Forgotten Men; an outsize in political filibusters has arisen in the shape of Berzelius Windrip. Ten million people living on the starvation line rise to his promise of 5,000 dollars apiece; millions of babies of the late war feel the call to strut and march against the Communists, the Jew Radicals, the Windrip-styled enemies of their country; surreptitiously Big Business supports the growing Fascist movement.

All of which mightily disturbs that cheerful but pugnacious lover of freedom and free speech; that crotchety and questioning Liberal, Doremus Jessup, editor of the *Daily Informer* of Fort Beulah, Vermont. He tells his cronies so, in hard-bitten Vermontese. "Nonsense! Nonsense!" snorted Tasbrough, "That couldn't happen here in America, not possibly! We're a country of freemen." "The answer to that," suggested Doremus Jessup, "is the hell it can't! Why, there's no country in the world can get more hysterical—yes, or more obsequious!—than America. Look how Huey Long became absolute monarch of Louisiana. . . . Remember how casually most Americans have accepted Tammany grafting, and Chicago gangs, and the crookedness of many of President Harding's appointees?"

"The hell it can't," says Sinclair Lewis, and with an almost white-hot fury he *makes* it happen. Buzz Windrip is elected by the biggest landslide in history; his "M.M." men corral all the opposition in Congress under "protective arrest." Buzz becomes a virtual dictator; the more dangerous of his opponents are quickly "liquidated." Concentration and labour camps are formed; the M.M.s rule everywhere, and there is wholesale bloodshed, murder, sluggings, torturous beatings, and all the hideous business of consolidating a dictatorship along modern lines.

All of which may read strangely in this country, except we remember that violence is no stranger to the American scene, where strikes are broken by bloodshed and the number of lynchings increases every year. Perhaps it may not happen there, and not even Mr. Lewis's powerful pen can persuade us that it could; but the effect of this terrible story can only be judged in his own country.

Whatever view we over here may take of this withering indictment—this awful warning to his own countrymen—we must take off our hats once again to Sinclair Lewis for the creation of Doremus Jessup, his family, his friends and enemies. They live in a world of what nobody wants to happen (least of all their creator), but they are living, breathing men and women. Out of revolutions past great books have been written; Lewis has made his own revolution, and out of it can't he make his finest work since *Babbit?* The hell he can't!

Surely the most difficult of literary forms to sustain is an atmosphere of horror. In plays it often turns to farce, if it is not handled with the greatest restraint, and in a book it may turn to tedium, which is just as fatal.

The seven stories and the one-act play which make up Miss Margaret Irwin's new book, **MADAME FEARS THE DARK** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), are stories of the supernatural, and in most cases of black magic, and although each is in itself a good and unusual piece of imaginative work, the collection is overwhelming as a whole. By the fourth story I found my reaction to thrills dulled, but perhaps I should not have attempted to read Miss Irwin's book at one sitting.

For that she has only herself, and her very readable style, to blame.

I shall always be grateful to Miss Christa Winsloe because she wrote *Mädchen in Uniform*, and because, more than a good play and a good film, it was a really fine interpretation of a young girl's character.

LIFE BEGINS (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) is a very different affair, and although this may be partly due to the stiffness of a translation, even a good one, from the German, it remains a workmanlike but uninspired story.

Eva-Maria comes to Munich, in all her prettiness and courage and ambition, to study sculpture. Briefly, an unhappy love affair embitters her and drives her to the point of suicide. To recover a little of her peace of mind she went to Italy, "to some place where there is not a man at all." There, as one had expected, she meets a man, and her love for him helps to restore her to her normal state of content. Eva-Maria returns to Munich "grown-up," and from that moment her life begins.

There are moments in this book, particularly when the author is writing of drawing and modelling, which are as good as anything in *Mädchen in Uniform*, but it is sadly uneven, and because of these very moments in which one recognises her distinguished mind one is impatient and disappointed.

THE GINKGO TREE (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) is a kind of mystery story. It is impossible to be more determinate than that, because the author's plan follows no conventional rules, and certainly not those of the bowler-hatted-detective school.

It is, in fact, a rather creepy story of sons hating fathers, and fathers seducing young girls, and mothers, not surprisingly, suffering a good deal of mental anguish. Miss Cora Jarrett, who also wrote *Night Over Fitch's Pond*, is a writer who sets much store by psychological reactions, and very little by good, plain, old-fashioned action, and in consequence her books are interesting more for their dignity than for their tension. This is the modern trend, however, and only the most carping, back number of a critic would think to dispute it. Slow and thoughtful does it, nowadays, even in murder.

A ginkgo tree, as I learned, is a maidenhair tree.

Mr. Mikhail Sholokhov is regarded in Russia as one of the greatest living Soviet writers, and his books sell there in hundreds of thousands, in such numbers, in fact, that it almost seems as if a book of his were in every literate home in the whole Soviet Union.

CHARLES LINDLEY WOOD, SECOND VISCOUNT HALIFAX: The frontispiece of J. G. Lockhart's life of the great Yorkshireman, Part I of which has just been issued by Geoffrey Bles. Lord Halifax, whose son was Viceroy of India from 1926 to 1931, was for many years President of the English Church Union and was a tireless advocate of the reunion of churches throughout Christendom. He died in January of last year

His new book, **VIRGIN SOIL UPTURNED** (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) is, in my opinion, the best that he has written, and mercifully devoid of political bias. That alone would be enough to commend a Russian novel to most of us. The story, as Sholokhov tells it, at some length, is about the formation of a collective farm in South Russia, the land of the Don Cossacks and, although the project is reasonably successful and the theory of ploughing by tractors in "the American method" is mastered, the book ends on a note of discontent and impending disaster. The White Russians, the counter-revolutionaries, have been at work throughout the region, and the possibility is that they may succeed in wrecking the Government's plans.

Frankly, I was astonished at the curious aspect of Soviet tolerance which the enormous popularity of this book represents, for in it their officials are often ridiculed and caricatured, and if it is propaganda, as some diehards may still contend, then it has the subtlest form I have ever known.

I CHANGE WORLDS (Routledge. 15s.) is another book about Russia to-day, but this time an autobiography. Miss Anna Louise Strong, the founder of the *Moscow Daily News*, writes of the America, the Russia, and the China that she knows, and the result is a very long, but fascinating, and often exciting book.

The author appears to know Russia and the Russians as few of them know themselves. "I got his meaning," she writes at one point, describing an interview with Trotzky, and in her amazingly vigorous way she seems to have "got the meaning" of the whole spirit of the Soviet revolution.

Her interview with Stalin is perhaps the most interesting thing in the book, partly because there have been so few honest estimates of him. "Here was a man to whom you could say anything . . . he wished to know more clearly and to help. Never had I found anyone so utterly easy to talk to."

M. Henri Barbusse's **STALIN**: A New World Seen Through One Man (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) is a very different matter. Here is Stalin from the point of view of a Frenchman of letters whose whole sympathies were with the Soviets, much as in the case of Miss Strong, but with what seems to be a total lack of criticism, either constructive or destructive.

"The new Russia worships Stalin," he writes, and that same worship is reflected in this biography. It is difficult to discern the real Stalin in this much-eulogised hero, though there are glimpses of him and the many quotations from his speeches are often new, and in that measure, valuable.

A book for Communist enthusiasts, and for believers in the "terrific integrity of the Workers' Code."

A very far cry indeed, as far as a cry can well be, is **THE FOUR GEORGES** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) which is a scholarly revaluation of these Hanoverian kings by Sir Charles Petrie.

In an excellent preface, as lucid and concise as all his writing, Sir Charles remarks, that "no effort has been made to depict the period as romantic. . . . The Highland charge at Prestonpans, or the death of Byron at Missolonghi, will for some invest the Hanoverian era with a halo of romance, which will not be apparent to those who are concerned with the victims of the Enclosure Acts and the Industrial Revolution. My object has been to show the period as it was by allowing the facts to speak for themselves."

Facts, however, are elusive things and have a way of speaking for themselves only when they have been marshalled and edited and pointed in a way which only the best writer can achieve. Here is such a writer, and he has given us entertainment in a not particularly inspired period of history.

Poor Mary Tudor! The sanguinary forthrightness of her nickname has served to impress her record on our memories more firmly than it really deserves. No pedantic apologies for her reign can possibly eradicate that impression. It might be removed through the medium of the film. Here surely is a chance for one of those "screen epics" —*The Private Life of Mary Tudor!*

Until that happy event, fair-minded historians have to struggle as best they may to rectify the popular error. Miss Beatrice White's best is good. In **MARY TUDOR** (Macmillan. 15s.) she tells Mary's story with admirable impartiality, lucidity, and learning. What helps to keep it from a too fervent partiality is the fact that it is written entirely from contemporary sources and thus the later sectarian bitternesses are avoided.

This also serves to make the book more interesting for the ordinary reader, since Mary, Elizabeth, and all the phases of the Tudor scene are presented from the point of view of their letters and in their own words. I wish this book a large sale so that the reputation of poor misunderstood Mary may be to some extent rehabilitated.

* * *

The autumn publishing season is now in full swing and, as it is well-nigh impossible for one reviewer to cope with the flood of new volumes, the following brief notices are intended to give an idea

(Continued on p. 192)

"FULL LEAVED WILLOWS IN THEIR FRESHEST GREEN": A delightful scene in the Essex lowlands as the sun begins to penetrate the early morning mists

Special "Sphere" pictures by Douglas Went

MORNING MISTS OF MELLOW AUTUMN

How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair!

—LOWELL

STILLS of the STARS

In Four Outstanding New Films in the West End

A TALE OF THE SEA

Wilfred Lawson and Fisher White in *Turn of the Tide*, the first production by British National Films, which received a most enthusiastic reception when presented at the Capitol last week. This well-directed drama of life in a fishing village is excellently cast, and is notable for some really excellent photography

"CURLY TOP": Shirley Temple in her latest picture which followed Grace Moore's *On Wings of Song*, at the Tivoli. This is just the kind of entertainment in which Shirley's hosts of admirers revel, and provides Hollywood's leading juvenile star with ample opportunities to sing, dance, and act in her own inimitable fashion. She does not give the impression of being so precocious as in her earlier films, and adults will find nothing irritating in the play of her very definite personality

SHAKESPEARE SCREENED: Nini Theilade, whose exquisite dancing in Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is one of the most satisfying features of the show. The film has been fairly well received, and while the acting is excellent the settings, according to "The Sphere's" dramatic critic, "are often Teutonic in their rather gross immensity"

On right—
A STAGE STAR WITH A FILM FUTURE: Leonora Corbett who gives a most attractive performance in *Heart's Desire*, in which she appears with Richard Tauber and Diana Napier

ENTERTAINING FARE AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Stephen Haggard (as Georgie, the boy who retrieved the family fortunes by doing all the reprehensible things that usually bring ruin) and Dennis Blakelock in *The Black Eye*, C. B. Cochran's production of James Bridie's latest play, which is proving a great success

"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL": Arthur Hardy (*sitting*) as Lord Ellerdine and John Stuart as Roderick Collingwood, the lover, in the revival at the Playhouse of the famous divorce drama by E. G. Hemmerde and Francis Neilson. The show is full of incident but dates somewhat

Drama of the Week

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

THE People's National Theatre takes itself, rightly enough, seriously. But never has it, or any theatre, taken itself so seriously as when it decided to produce *The Hangman* at the Duke of York's. The theatre, national or popular (by no means synonymous), is not to be regarded solely as a place of entertainment and amusement, and, ye gods, that noble ideal is here most nobly upheld.

This play, translated very ably from the Scandinavian, reminded me of a remark during an evening with the ever-lamented "Follies" a good many years ago. The immediate business was the burlesque of a play by the most eminent of all Scandinavian dramatists, the great Ibsen.

Harry Pelissier explained in a preliminary speech that he required us to conjure up for ourselves an atmosphere of infinite depression. His own suggestion was helpful. "I want you to imagine," he said, "that you are among a party of vegetarian Esperantists stranded, on a wet Sunday afternoon in November, in the 3rd-class waiting-room at Clapham Junction."

That situation is high carnival compared with the depression spread by *The Hangman*. The play is far from being nonsense. I will even agree with some of its admirers that it is "challenging," though whom or what it challenges I do not pretend to know. The second half seemed to challenge Fascism and military dictatorships in general. It took place in a night-club—1935—and although I have known night-clubs as gloomy as that, I have never known one as dangerous. For murder was much more than in the air and the expression of political opinions with which the author did not agree was rewarded with violent death.

I would not call this ideal anti-Nazi propaganda, if that was the author's intention. This, by the way, was one of the occasions when it would have been as well for the author to tell us in a programme note what precisely *was* his intention. Such a course may be an admission of weakness (for a play which has to be explained other than by itself is, *ipso facto*, a poor play, whatever else it may be) yet in this case it would have been devilish useful.

The first half was concerned with the medieval equivalent of a night-club—a tavern. Yet not "Ye merrie olde taverne" by acres of chalk. Here again death was so far from taking a holiday that he was working overtime, symbolised by the grim presence of the Hangman himself. Playwrights of the more earnest type have long been obsessed by the Symbolical Figure, which may be Fate, Death, the Devil, Fear, Hope, another of the Hope Brothers, or Freeman or Hardy or Willis or Uncle Tom Cobley. In Germany the Symbolical Figure is much in vogue; Humperdinck used him twice as the "Spielmann" and wrote some very lovely music for him.

At the Duke of York's the S.F. or Hangman does not sing and does not even speak until the last few moments of the play, when he speaks shortly and not very much to the point. Perhaps there was not a point. Mr. Frank Vosper had, therefore, nothing in particular to do and did it very well.

The more active parts of the play were mostly Gore and Mr. Marcus Goring. The whole was beautifully produced and most mercifully short.

Triple Bill at Sadler's Wells.—Opera at Sadler's Wells this season is necessarily on the small scale but excellent in quality. The new triple bill, Gustav Holst's *Savitri* with *Il Tabarro* and *Gianni Schicchi* of Puccini drew a house as large and as enthusiastic as that for a recent evening of all-British opera was meagre.

I regret to have to admit that here the British portion, *Savitri*, was the least interesting. I first heard this love story of ancient India at the Lyric, Hammersmith, shortly after the war; it is beautiful in its vague way but has little or no sense of the theatre, nor is Holst's music at all dramatic. And although Sadler's Wells is no great size, it is too big for this.

Il Tabarro on the other hand, while full of theatrical situations and moderate-to-good as melodrama, contains some of the poorest music Puccini ever wrote; I do not wonder that after one season it has been banished from Covent Garden. The English translation seemed terribly banal (as do most English operatic translations) and so are the musical phrases which have all the composer's rather chocolate-cream lusciousness and none of his genius.

But *Gianni Schicchi* is Puccini at his very best and I do not wonder that this brilliant little opera has lived. I venture to prophesy that in time it will become as popular as *La Bohème*; the workmanship is even better, for it is a late work and the style is more mature. Unlike most grand operas it is consciously, instead of unconsciously, amusing and the company played up the comedy aspect admirably. Mr. Tudor Davies gave us the best singing. Miss Edith Coates, a trifle harsh in tone, was none the less a useful asset for she is a good actress. In the title-role Mr. Sumner Austin proved a better comedian than singer; a richer and more robust voice was needed. The part, I fear, screams aloud for an Italian.

A New Life of Delius.—While on musical matters I would call attention to a new life of Delius, written by his sister, and published this week. (*Frederick Delius*, by Clare Delius. Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 15s.) This will form a useful companion volume to that written by the late Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine), which mainly deals with Delius as a composer; for it shows us the man, his early life in Bradford, his ambitions, his likes and dislikes, and his sad later years, during which, however, he was consistently cheerful and plucky.

If there was at any time in Delius's life the haunting, tragic, tender sorrow that is in almost every bar of his music he did not show it. That I can myself endorse. With the late Norman O'Neill I visited Delius at Grez-sur-Loing about a couple of years before his death. Although blind and almost totally paralysed, he was genial and even boisterous, and the cheeriest of hosts, insisting on bottles of wine being opened and thoroughly enjoying himself.

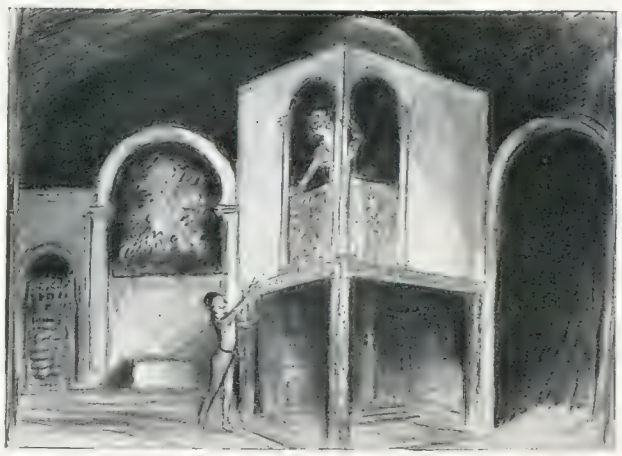
Of this period Miss Delius writes: "To his friends gathered about him he would talk, not like somebody from the grave but with all his old gaiety and humour. His ironic wit would flash among a hundred subjects, while his audience listened delighted and spellbound. . . . He showed not the slightest signs of depression. Music, literature, the multiplicity of international problems, were all subjects in which he took the keenest interest."

There is some drama in the fact that Elgar visited Delius very shortly before death was to summon both these great English composers.

"They were like a pair of boys. Sir Edward was immensely enthusiastic about his first aeroplane flight from London to Paris and evolved with Delius a grandiose scheme so that they could fly round Europe together, giving concerts . . . Delius laughingly gibed at the B.B.C. who sent 'cellists down in the country to try to induce nightingales to sing. He said that the birds would sing for him whenever he wanted them . . . When Elgar left Delius he was very much moved, and did not speak for a long time . . ."

I fancy it comes as news to the world that as a youth Delius's strong ambition was to become—a circus performer!

A book all music-lovers should read, and many more.



Drawn by Percy Home

VAIN REPETITION: The production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the New Theatre has met with a certain amount of criticism from the point of view of the settings, on account of the fact that a central device, depicted here as Juliet's balcony, is incorporated in all the scenes. Although this may speed up the play and reduce expenses, there is no doubt that the expedient is definitely one that should not be widely followed

JULIET AT THE BALL: Peggy Ashcroft in one of the early scenes of John Gielgud's production of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which she plays the part of the famous heroine of fourteen. At the moment Laurence Olivier is playing the part of Romeo and John Gielgud that of Mercutio, but they have decided to exchange roles in a few weeks' time

LEOPARD LEAPS into the FASHION PICTURE

For sports wear nothing can excel the distinction of a fine quality leopard coat. Here is a swagger in Somali leopard, bound with leather and beautifully marked. It is included in Debenham and Freebody's remarkable new collection of furs, and the shallow little pill-box hat of brown felt and leopard also comes from them

Rose Descat's new Breton sailor is seen above on the left. It has a flattened crown surrounded with Petersham ribbon which is used for three bows across the back. Alternately the brim can be edged with broadtail. It comes from Harrods, and the coarse mesh veil is an important detail

Fur this year is not confined to coats and suits. It trespasses on our hats, but it is handled so skilfully that it is never heavy in effect. The hat on the right is of softest black antelope and Persian lamb, the fur being used for the high square and for the ribs. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

FROM HARRODS FURNISHING GALLERIES

Cabinet in Waxed Birch, Sycamore and Corall. Interior with fitments for stationery. Ten shallow drawers and shelves for books, etc. £41.10

Sycamore Arm Chair, comfortably upholstered and covered in Brown Morocco. £13.13

Frameless Venetian Mirror. The strip borders are of coloured glass tinted blue, and pink. £5.5

Circular Occasional Table in Sycamore and Corall. Attractively crossbanded top. £10.19.6

Pedestal Writing Desk in Sycamore and Corall. Four large drawers to right-hand pedestal and spacious cupboard to left. £38.15

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

of the varying merits of works with which Vernon Fane has not had time to deal.

Books by soldiers about soldiers are seldom outstanding from a literary point of view, and biographies and autobiographies of personalities of the great war all too often contain too much that is malicious, biased, or vindicatory. General Sir Charles Harington, however, is an army man with a straightforward, convincing, and readable style, and in **PLUMER OF MESSINES** (John Murray. 12s. 6d.) he tells the life story of his old chief in a manner that cannot fail to hold the attention of readers, revealing the splendid character of this commander who held such a place of affection in the hearts of his men, and inspired them to such feats of arms. Plumer's great action at Messines is, of course, the chief feature of the book, but equally interesting is the account of how he hunted the elusive De Wet, the Boer genius of the South African war, who time and time again came so near to being captured but always managed to make his escape.

It is difficult to discuss Walter Millis's **ROAD TO WAR** (Faber and Faber. 15s.) without treading on controversial ground, for this is the story of the events leading up to America's entry into the war; of the statesmen who believed that by participating in the struggle they would be helping to right a great wrong, and, on the other hand, of the men like William Jennings Bryan and Robert La Folette who sacrificed their careers in championing to the last the cause of peace. Although there are bound to be many who will disagree with much that the author has to say, the majority will be particularly impressed with the way in which Mr. Millis reveals the subtle development of war fever which, once established, is not susceptible to reasoning and seemingly cannot be eradicated until nation has tried its strength against nation, and a new generation has learned the purposelessness of victory and the tragedy of defeat.

Mr. Leopold Amery is a statesman whose views are always sane, progressive, and worthy of the closest study, but on reading his new book one is left with the impression that he expresses himself with more power as a speaker than as a writer. **THE FORWARD VIEW** (Geoffrey Bles. 16s.) is an exposition of Empire policy and a vindication of the Imperial ideal. It must be regarded, however, as essentially a work for the keen student of politics rather than for the general reader. Another book of somewhat limited appeal, but which also commands attention, is Beatrice Blackwood's **BOTH SIDES OF BUKA PASSAGE** (Clarendon Press. 35s.) This erudite ethnological work is a survey of social problems in the north-western Solomon Islands by a writer who spent a considerable time in a Melanesian village, and had exceptional opportunities of studying the habits and customs of the people. Divorce is evidently as much a commonplace in this part of the world as it is in Mayfair and Hollywood, and, according to the author, a husband can obtain a separation merely on the grounds of his wife's bad cooking.

It is always pleasant to be able to praise a book wholeheartedly, and C. R. Acton's **SILK AND SPUR** (Richards. 10s. 6d.) is an account of life on the Turf which will be welcomed by hosts of racing enthusiasts, both by reason of its breezy anecdotes and the mass of useful information it contains. The author re-captures with rare skill the spirit and atmosphere of old-time Newmarket; he introduces us to the mysteries of bloodstock breeding; and he describes with a wealth of detail the daily routine of trainers, jockeys, apprentices, and stable lads.

The World of Books

(Continued from p. 186)

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REFLECTIONS AND MEMORIES, by J. C. Squire (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). This is a volume composed partly of reminiscences, partly of biographical essays, and partly of sketches and, except for the fact that it is all the work of one author, it is difficult to understand the purpose of such an heterogeneous collection. Admirers of Flecker, however, will doubtless read with interest Sir John Squire's estimate of the work of this young poet who died before reaching his mental prime, and yet made a contribution to literature that year after year is winning an ever-widening recognition.

During the past decade we have had a surfeit of personal reminiscences of the great war, and the time has now come when such works are not welcomed unless they are of pronounced literary merit or draw attention to a phase of the conflict hitherto not largely dealt with. Stanley Casson's **STEADY DRUMMER** (Bell. 12s. 6d.) falls into the latter category, for here the author discusses at length the Balkan campaign, and with considerable ability helps to place it in perspective with the major operations taking place at the same time in Western Europe.

In a few short years the roads of Central Africa will doubtless be teeming with cars, and concrete will have entirely taken the place of the rough tracks of to-day. At the moment, however, many parts of Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Nyasaland, and Rhodesia attract only the more adventurous motorists, and, for this reason, R. O. Pearse's account of a 10,000-mile journey through these territories in **EMPTY HIGHWAYS** (Blackwood. 12s. 6d.) provides fare that is definitely out of the ordinary. The book is written in the form of letters and, although the method of presentation may leave something to be desired, interest is fairly well sustained and is more than sufficient to make the stay-at-home Briton agreeably restless.

Except for the fact that the author darts backwards and forwards between the present and the past with almost bewildering frequency, Sylvia Thompson's novel **A SILVER RATTLE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) makes quite good reading. It is the story of varying types of women and their reactions under the nervous strain of approaching motherhood.

THEY SELDOM SPEAK, by Leland Hall (The Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.). This saga of American agricultural life is essentially a man's book, and although its account of the varying fortunes of a farming family does not completely hold the attention, the settings are described with a skill that can but be the product of a deep knowledge and love of the country. Two other novels to note are J. D. Beresford's **ON A HUGE HILL** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) and George Duhamel's **IN SIGHT OF THE PROMISED LAND** (Dent. 7s. 6d.), while two works of general interest for your library list are Sven Haglund's **LIFE AMONG THE LAPPS** (Dennis Archer. 12s. 6d.) and A. W. Haslett's **UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF SCIENCE** (Bell. 7s. 6d.).

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ASMARA AND ADI UGRI

(Continued from p. 174)

headquarters of General Maravignia, Commander of the Second Army Corps, which has since distinguished itself by capturing Adowa.

Adi Ugri is considered one of the pleasanter of the smaller towns in Eritrea, and it is also an important local market. There is an agreeable residence for the District Commissioner and plenty of trees and flowers. Like Asmara, the town is dominated by the fort which the Italian soldiers built on their first occupation. This is now used as an emplacement for heavy artillery.

At Adi Ugri—or rather just outside of it—I visited in turn a tank section, a battery of field guns drawn by autotractors, a group of native artillery, and a regiment of metropolitan infantry. Officers and men were under canvas—the men rather like sardines—but all appeared healthy and cheerful. It was hotter than at Asmara, but not uncomfortably so. "We were the first to arrive and we've been here four months," an officer told me, "the men are fine, but we hope it will start soon. I know you English want to stop us, but we can't go back now. We've gone too far. Besides we've got to avenge Adowa."

All the Italians I talked to spoke in the same strain, and they were all proud of what has been done in Eritrea in the last few months. A general took me round some temporary barracks his men had occupied. "There was absolutely nothing when they arrived," he said, "nothing! They were going to be here for only six weeks, and they knew it, but look what they accomplished in that time!" He showed me roads, kitchen gardens, drainage pipes, an officers' mess decorated with frescoes, a little stone chapel with a Madonna. "In this country, you see," he explained, "one must work. Otherwise one begins to think."

NEW EXCAVATIONS AT GIZA

(Continued from p. 181)

mummy of the deceased. In one of these—probably an unimportant person judging by the lack of hieroglyphics, mortuary chapel, and name, the tomb chamber of which is simply a square room cut out of the solid rock—lies the sarcophagus intact. Constructed of wood, its appearance suggests that it might have been made a few years ago.

It gave us a very queer feeling visiting this tomb soon after this discovery. You felt that you had broken into a very modern grave where you had no right to be. Professor Selim Hassan has just finished reconstructing the tomb of Hemo (of the 5th Dynasty), who was son of Dwaka and a priest of Nserra. He has done this splendidly from the fragments which existed. On both sides of the doorway are two slabs of limestone on which are carved representations of the deceased.

A GIANT HAND OF STEEL: The mechanical grab on board one of the dredgers employed in improving the navigability of the River Welland between Spalding and the Wash. It can lift three tons of clay at a time

Widening and Deepening the Welland

THE Welland Catchment Board has for some five years now been engaged on an important and interesting work; that of widening and deepening the channel of the Welland from Spalding to the Wash. They employ three dredgers and some fifty men, who live on board dredger or barge in an odd isolation, getting their letters once a week and leave every second week-end. The stiff blue clay of which the bank is made is lifted at one point and deposited at another on the bank in process of building. The crane used for this operation is a fascinating object. Weighing about 2 tons empty it descends into the water, its four sharp teeth on opposite sides open ready to bite into the soft clay and shut into the cradle 3 tons of clay at one mouthful. This load is swung into the waiting barge, which moves off when full to the wall. There a similar instrument, with its teeth drawn (for these would tear the bottom out of the barge), seizes the clay—again 3 tons at one bite—and swings it into position. By this means a channel some 296 ft. wide is being constructed for ships with a draught of 12 to 14 ft., whereas formerly only vessels of 8 or 9 ft. could use this passage. This will mean increased employment and activity in the coastal trade and renewed prosperity for agriculture in that part of Lincolnshire.

A day spent "Down Below"—as it is termed in those parts—in the Company's motor launch, the *Carmania*, one of the boats off that famous liner, is an experience not soon forgotten. An early start in a misty morning to catch the tide, finds one quietly slipping between high reedy banks to the sea. Presently *Dredger No. I* emerges from the mist, and our pilot skilfully steers round it to throw letters and parcels to the men aboard, an act greatly appreciated. The channel widens; *Dredgers II* and *III* are passed and examined. Land slips away astern; and schools of porpoises, dolphins, sea-birds, and endless jelly fish show that we are now at sea in the weird uncanny waters of the Wash. The sun comes out. The pilot takes soundings and guides the *Carmania* into a channel where she is soon aground on the sands in the Wash, like the ark on Mount Ararat. The waters abate and an island of sand emerges with sandpipers, sea swallows, gulls of all sorts suddenly feeding on its edge. A timber ship from Norway is heard calling for a pilot. Ships are seen far out, waiting, like us, for the swing of the tide. After lunch and a bathe and walk on the miles of sand now dry, the gold of the distant sand turns silver, and in an incredibly short time and with a terrifying quiet relentlessness the water comes slipping back to claim her own. The launch is once more afloat. The faery golden island is gone. We turn for home, and soon the famous Boston "Stump" is seen across the flat country in the sunset.

M. M. H.

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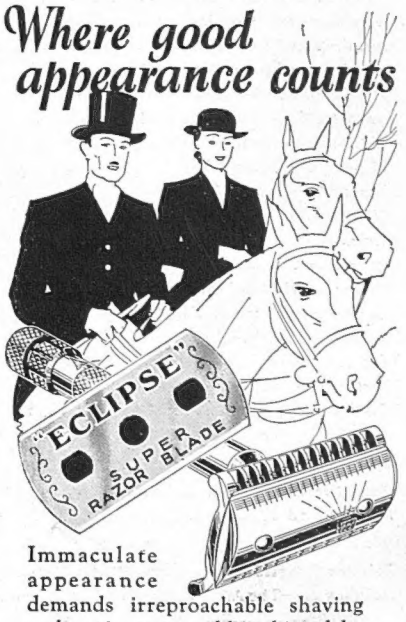

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The Canal of Destiny

(Continued from page 173)

Opposite is being built Port Fuad, after the King. Here is a large camp for native labour. About 2,500 are permanently employed and under very different conditions from the horrible and deadly *corvée*, or forced labour, under which 30,000 miserable Egyptians were compelled to dig the beginnings of the great ditch long ago. We stopped that, to French wrath, but not before the slaves (for though paid they were compelled to work, thousands dying in the great heat), not before the slaves had actually scooped out the initial trench at one point (Bitter Lakes), over a length of nine miles, *with their hands*. They used to throw the mud up to form a bank on either side; later a dredger came along and widened the "trench" that human hands had scraped. As events turned out, our intervention was a boon in that it led to the introduction of modern machinery.

Workers' wages now amount to nearly a million sterling a year, and Sir Ian Malcolm is able to report: "No body of workmen in Egypt, and few elsewhere, are in such comfortable circumstances, for the Company provides them with cheap houses, hospital accommodation, co-operative stores, schools, sports and — most important of all — a plentiful supply of filtered water."

Nearing the Canal, the pilot comes aboard, and speed is reduced to 6¼ m.p.h. From the boat deck one has an endless vista of desert, dotted here and there by Arabs on donkeys and camels. It is a straight run of several hours to El Kantara, first settlement of importance. Hereabouts it was that the Turks met their fate in 1915 when Britain and France lived one of the greatest days of the Entente. The French made over everything to the British, and the day was won.

Presently a sheet of water is seen to starboard, and the Balah Lakes are skirted before Ismailia, which de Lesseps christened "the emerald of the desert," is reached. White faces and khaki are to the fore here, since Ismailia is one of three garrisons protecting the Canal (others at either end). Also, it is French governing headquarters. The bulk of the 500 French officials are located in this cool oasis, the majority with their families, and a wonderful effort they have made with the place; one of the show spots of Egypt. The non-stop work of widening, lengthening breakwaters, straightening, dredging, is conducted from Ismailia. Thanks to this, the Canal, which is on an average 45 ft. deep and 70 yards broad, can now be traversed in just under thirteen hours. About fifteen ships can pass in the twenty-four hours, this including piloting by the aid of dazzling projectors fixed aboard at night. One ship has, however, still to tie up in order to let a second pass. There is plenty of room for both but water displacement might bring a collision. There would also be danger of grounding.

Now your vessel enters Lake Timsah, and a few miles farther south the Canal appears to end. You suddenly emerge in what seems the open sea. This, however, is only the Great Bitter Lake, containing the greatest variety of fish and marine life to be found anywhere in the world, due to the mingling of two oceans and the migration of their denizens. Finally come another twenty odd miles, or four hours of Canal proper and you are at Suez after, truth to tell, rather a monotonous journey. Suez is a pestiferous hole; I was once held up there for nearly a week. Its humid heat is notorious, beginning of Red Sea heat. On either side, Port Tewfik and Port Ibraham. And that is that. A hundred and six miles of waterway, every yard vitally charged with meaning, more than ever so to-day.

The Canal shortens the route from England to Bombay and Calcutta by 4,500 and 3,660 miles respectively, also, of course, substantially reducing the distance to Australia. The Suez has enormously multiplied our trade with the East. Marseilles, Genoa, Brindisi, Trieste, largely owe their modern growth to it. Using the Suez, the Mediterranean Fleet could reach the Singapore base in less than three weeks, while fast ocean liners bearing troops and supplies from England could cover the 8,000 miles in the same period. But if the Canal came to be blocked, our lines of communication would be extended by 4,000 miles round the Cape, implying that we should have to conduct a campaign 12,000 miles, or five full weeks, from home. It would be silly not to say that there are certain fears about the Canal at the present time. It seems to have been established that even the heaviest bombing from Libya would not seriously damage anything; but how about a vessel being sunk in the narrow channel, sunk so that it might take a month or more to free the Canal again? Why conceal the doubts that have been expressed in connection with the curious burning of the *Ausonia* so near to the British Fleet at Alexandria . . . fireships of old being conjured in the mind?

What is to be the future of "the Cut"? That it will have to be enlarged some day soon is certain; the bigger vessels of our Fleet will require to go through, and at present many, even lightened, could not do so. The biggest vessel yet to navigate "the Cut" was of 27,000 tons, and *Hood* and *Rodney* are over 42,000. "The key of India," "the jugular vein of Empire," must not be suffered to fall below the grandiose labels affixed to it. There's money and to spare, and so gigantic and unprecedented has been the success of the Suez that the public of the world would rush to take up any issue. However, what is to be the future of the Canal politically? The present concession lapses in 1969, and the matter begins somewhat to press in view of the fact that policy and expenditure have to be planned for many years ahead.

There seem to be five alternatives in the field. Firstly, maintenance of the *status quo*, Britain protecting, France running the works, which she does, by universal consent, wonderfully well and courteously. Secondly, the Canal to be run internationally, like the Danube, perhaps through the League transportation section. Thirdly, for "the Cut" to be reorganised on an Anglo-Egyptian basis. Fourthly, for it to be until the year 2008 a Franco-Egyptian concern, Paris granting the Egyptian Government £20,000,000, split profits, and Egyptian directors. Fifthly, for Egypt to take the Canal over, which is what she says she intends to do. *Nous verrons.*

BLESSED EVENT: Mrs. J. Gordon Winchester who sailed a year ago to Kuala Lumpur (F.M.S.) to be married, and has just presented her husband with a son. She is the daughter of Mrs. A. Hugh-Jackson, of Leadlay News Service, a well-known Fleet Street personality

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

D., Dorset (Germany).—Garmisch-Partenkirchen is one of the best known winter sports resorts in Europe, and has facilities for ski-ing, skating, and coasting. The town will be particularly gay during the period from February 6 to 16, 1936, when the Fourth Olympic Winter Games will be held. The return 2nd class fare from London to Garmisch-Partenkirchen via Harwich and the Hook of Holland is about £8 14s. 7d., including the 60 per cent. reduction granted by the German railways. Outward travel is limited to a Saturday, though the return journey may be made on any day after the eighth day up to one calendar month. The Kurhotel Riessersee charges from eight registered marks per day.

N., Notts. (Jamaica).—If you do not wish to stay in Kingston we suggest you visit one of the seaside resorts such as Montego Bay, where there is ample facility for all sports including riding, golf, tennis, boating, and fishing, while there is an extremely good sandy beach at Doctor's Cave Bathing Club. Two good hotels are the Chatham and the Casa Blanca, both of which charge about £1 per day from January to March. Jamaica can be reached by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company or Fyffes' Line boat. Fyffes' Line quote a special 1st class round trip fare to Jamaica of £55, which includes a five-day stay at the Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston, one of the finest hotels in the West Indies. If you are planning to stay only a week in Jamaica we do not think you can do better than book for this round trip.

McP., Dublin (Winter Cruise).—The *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line is making a most interesting winter cruise, covering 21,505 miles, and leaving Southampton on January 22, arriving back there on April 6. The ports of call include Miami (for Palm Beach), Havana, Cristobal, Balboa, Honolulu, San Francisco, San Pedro (for Hollywood), Mazatlan, Manzanilla, Acapulco, San José (for Guatemala City). La Libertad, Cristobal, Curaçao, and Teneriffe. The *Arandora Star* carries 1st class passengers only, the fares for this cruise ranging from 153 guineas.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

W.W., London (Portugal).—Estoril which faces south and is influenced by the Gulf Stream, has a mild and particularly sunny winter climate, the average temperature then being 53° F., January being the coldest month. The air is bracing. It is situated on the coast of Portugal, fifteen miles from Lisbon with which it is connected by a good service of electric trains. There is a thermal establishment with facilities for the treatment of arthritis, rheumatism, and gout, a casino with a gaming-room, restaurant, theatre and cinema, an indoor swimming pool, a golf course, and tennis courts. The leading hotel in Estoril, the Palacio, which is extremely good, charges from about 18s. per day. The Hotel du Parque, the annexe of the Palacio, is less expensive, charging from 13s. per day. You would find it cheaper and more convenient to travel to Lisbon by sea, the return first-class fare by the Royal Mail Line being £18, with sailings by "A" vessels from Southampton every other Saturday, the voyage taking three days. The boats of the Blue Star Line also call at Lisbon.

S., Lancs. (Germany).—The second-class return fare from London to Munich via Harwich and Flushing would be about £7 3s. 6d. as compared with £5 2s. 9d. third-class. This includes the 60% reduction granted by the German State Railways, the L.N.E.R. excursion ticket being valid for outward travel on Saturdays only, though available for return on any day after the eighth day up to one calendar month. If you require facilities for all winter sports we do not advise you to go to Munich, your other suggestion of Tegernsee being more practical. The Gasthof Gugemos there charges from 5½ registered marks per day.

D., Norfolk (Madeira).—You would like the Savoy Hotel at Funchal, which is situated on a cliff overlooking the sea, with its own bathing establishment and swimming pool. Inclusive prices there range from 15s. per day, The average temperature at Funchal during December is 62° Fah., so that clothing suitable for the early English summer should be taken, with the addition of a warm wrap for evening wear, and rubber soled shoes. You will require warm clothing for the voyage.

T., Yorks. (Switzerland).—The 30% reduction granted for the summer season by the Swiss Federal Railways and Postal Motor Coaches comes into operation on April 15. Mid-April to mid-May is early for a visit to the mountain resorts and villages, and we advise you to confine your visit to the lakeside towns such as Lugano, Interlaken, or Spiez, from where you can make many delightful excursions by steamer, and occasional excursions by rail up into the mountains.

M., Perth (Royal Mail Line).—The Royal Mail Line is quoting special fares for the round trip to South America, available by three ships, the *Asturias*, *Arlanza*, and *Alcantara*, sailing from Southampton on January 24, February 8, and February 21 respectively. The minimum 1st class rates for the round trip to Buenos Aires are £110 by the *Asturias*, £92 by the *Arlanza*, and £110 by the *Alcantara*. Second class fares are also quoted. The Royal Mail Line can quote for alternative tours at special rates, as for instance a short tour of 34 days, travelling outwards to Rio de Janeiro by the *Asturias* or *Alcantara*, returning by "Highland" boat to London after a 5-days' stay in Rio de Janiero. The 1st class fare for this tour is £88 5s., including hotel accommodation in Rio de Janeiro.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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November 9th

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